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CÆSURA

AUTUMN 1963





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UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

CÆSURA

The Literary Magazine
Of The University Of Massachusetts

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CONTENTS

FICTION

<i>The Other Side of the Fence</i>	Sally Minich	7
<i>The Gull</i>	Sandy Graham	16
<i>The Little Man in the Crimson Shirt</i>	Steve Orlen	31

POETRY

<i>Brevity</i>	David Haracz	11
<i>Epistle to Mayor John Knill</i>	N. C. Bowlen	12
<i>Recipe</i>		13
<i>Once Upon a Forgotten Day</i>		14
<i>The High Cost of Potency</i>	James Cortese	19
<i>The Visitors</i>	Sue Tracy	20
<i>The Riding Lesson</i>		21
<i>The Nuremberg Trials</i>		21
<i>To a Bumblebee</i>		22
<i>Evolution of Determination</i>	Janet Whelan	39
<i>Amenity</i>		39
<i>The Passing Time</i>	David Haracz	40
<i>From the Gate</i>		41
<i>Return</i>		42
<i>Tower 3</i>		42
<i>Cat and Mouse</i>	Steve Orlen	43
<i>At the Age of Forty-Eight</i>		44
<i>The Stone</i>	Thomas Hughes	45
<i>Change</i>	Joanna Basilea	46
<i>Requiem</i>	David Axelrod	47
<i>(Near Moore's Corner, June 1963)</i>		48
ART		23-30

CÆSURA POLICY —

In judging manuscripts for publication, the editorial board maintains the anonymity of all authors.

The Other Side of the Fence

by Sally Minich

Mother always said Daphne could come into our yard if she liked, but I wasn't to go into theirs. She said the Taylors were a strange family and if I went over there to play there was no telling what I'd get myself into. Daphne's mother had died when she was little so she lived with her father, who mother said was degenerate — (I wasn't sure what that meant, but I guessed it was something bad), and with her grandmother.

Daphne was in form one at school and since I wasn't old enough to go yet we'd made a pact that she'd teach me everything she learned. So every day at three o'clock I'd listen for her to slam the door of the school station wagon and then her porch door as she ran upstairs to have tea with her grandmother. Then, ten minutes later, I could count on her bolting around the fence that separated our two yards and up the drive, carrying paper and pencils so we could practice what she'd learned in school. She didn't look too happy. She never did when she had just finished having tea with grandmother. But once we had settled ourselves underneath the banana tree beside the fence she became happily engrossed in carefully forming the letters of the alphabet for me to copy.

Sitting there, we could hear the squeaky rhythm of her grandmother's rocker on the porch, and every so often Daphne would stand up and peek over the fence at her to make sure she was all right. I used to like to peek at her too, but only from there, where I was hidden. She was all yellow and withered with long grey hair that hung down to her knees. She was always sitting there brushing her hair with a fixed scowl on her face. I

imagined she was lonely because she never had any visitors. In fact, in the six months we'd lived next door, I'd never heard her utter a single word to anybody. Once while we were peeking at her I asked Daphne if she could talk. Daphne wasn't sure. She'd never heard her say anything, and she only made gestures for the things she wanted. I remembered hearing her cry out at night and I asked Daphne about that. She said she guessed she had nightmares a lot because her father always ran into her room until she quieted down. She told me that one time she'd heard her scream and had run into her room before father could get there. She turned the light on and her grandmother got all upset and motioned for her to get out. So she ran to get her father and met him hurrying down the hallway carrying a little box.

I'd only seen her father once. That was the time Daphne, and my brother and me were playing Blind Man's Bluff in our yard. It was her turn to be "it" and he came over and pulled off her blindfold and dragged her home by the hand. I didn't like him too much after that but I never said anything to Daphne about it, even though I suspected she didn't like him much either.

Mother came out on the porch and told me it was time to get ready for supper. Daphne and I were tired of writing the alphabet by that time anyway, so I told her I'd see her the next day and she folded up the papers and went home.

The next day I was busy working on my Toni doll's hair when I heard Daphne slam out of the school station wagon. When she came over I told her I'd rather play with the doll than do school work. She didn't care since she was getting a little bored with writing the alphabet. We were giving the doll a permanent when the squeaking of her grandmother's rocker reminded us to peek at her. While we were looking at her I noticed her long grey hair and thought it would be fun if we could go over and braid it. That pleased Daphne because she'd been trying to get me go over to her house to play. She wanted me to go over for the rest of the afternoon and stay for supper too. So we went inside and talked my mother into letting me go. I promised I'd be right home after dinner. I'd decided not to mention that we were going to braid her grandmother's hair because I had an idea that she wouldn't like it very much if she knew.

We bounded down the steps and ran out of our yard and around the fence, slowing down to walk a little more quietly up her drive so our noise wouldn't disturb her grandmother who was watching us from her rocker on the porch. I took a good look at her house for the first time. It was big and old, kind of dark and dingy, and with her grandmother

sitting in the rocker like that I almost wished I were back in my own yard. But I'd promised Daphne, and, anyway, I'd been wanting to see what the inside of her house looked like.

We walked up the porch steps and Daphne introduced me to her grandmother who only nodded at me. She started to squeak her rocker again and Daphne told her that we thought her hair was pretty and asked her if we could braid it. She didn't say anything so we took that to mean "yes" and began.

From close up her hair didn't look quite as pretty as it had from behind the fence, and I really didn't want to braid it anymore, so I asked Daphne if we couldn't go inside instead. It didn't seem to make much difference to her grandmother so we went in.

The front hall was awfully gloomy and quiet, kind of like when my grandfather died and everyone went to see him at the funeral home, except that it seemed even quieter in the hall. I asked her about it and she said it was always gloomy like that since her mother had died. Her father wasn't too good at fixing up the house.

We couldn't think of anything to do so we wandered into the kitchen so Daphne could tell the cook I'd be there for supper too. I was just starting to feel sorry for Daphne because she didn't have a mother to cook her supper when her father came in. He looked kind of tired and sloppy and he was carrying one of those tiny boxes Daphne had told me about before. He disappeared into the living room. I heard the squeaking from the porch stop, the screen door bang, and her grandmother going upstairs.

Daphne and I went into the living room and played "Chopsticks" on the piano until the cook called us for supper.

It was a good meal even though we weren't allowed to have any milk until dessert; and I probably would have enjoyed myself but I was afraid of Mr. Taylor and the grandmother. Besides, I kept noticing a tall brown bottle labeled "Whiskey" on the mantle, and I remembered someone telling me before that only wicked people drank from those bottles. Anyway, I decided Mr. Taylor was degenerate (or whatever my mother had said he was) after all, and I didn't want to stay at the table with him too much longer. So when everyone had finished eating I thanked them for the dinner and said good-bye. Daphne said she'd walk me to the door.

In the hallway I saw another one of those tiny boxes and asked Daphne if it was another present to her grandmother from her father. She said she supposed it was but her father never would tell her what was in them. She couldn't see why he'd want to keep bringing them to her because she never even took time to thank him for them. She'd just grab them

out of his hand and run upstairs. Then she'd come back down later looking happy. It seemed like her father was using them to keep her that way.

Daphne opened the door for me and I was glad to get away. Mother was waiting for me when I got home. She asked if I'd had a good time and I wanted to tell her what an awful place it was and that she'd been right about the Taylors, but I was afraid that she wouldn't like me playing with Daphne anymore if she knew. So instead I told her that they had fed me horrible food, and that night I dreamt that Daphne found out what I had said and her feelings were hurt. The next day I was especially nice to her.

Soon after that we moved to a different part of the island. As we were leaving my father drove slowly past the Taylors so I could wave to Daphne. She was standing on her porch crying. Beside her, withered and yellow, her grandmother was squeaking that dull rhythm from her rocker.



Illustration by SANDY GRAHAM

BREVITY

By David Haracz

A man
Lives,
Labors,
Loves,
All in a god-wink,
Which to him is eternity.

Epistle To Mayor John Knill, Died 1782: Upon The
Occasion Of The Eviction Of The Beatniks From
St. Ives, England.

By N. C. Bowlen

It's drawing-room staleness does it, John;
That's the hand that holds the knob
To bid us out and bustle on
Some gold or silver handled snob.
But old cony-catchers laugh!
Ten chicks and their matron hen
Dance and sing to your cenotaph
While body confounds the medical men.
And to boot the one-hundredth psalm,
That, sir, is supreme in irony!
No gentiles greased your palm
To assuage your *sui generis*!

But we deserve this calling, John,
We bards of latter saintless days.
Your shards must turn in unison
For the lack of heroes to praise.
We've ground the ax on 'wheels of truth,'
And sung the forest obscures the trees,
But prune a few dead ones, to save youth
We couldn't, there's no helve to seize!
You'll find our trade not iconoclasting,
To cleanse our neighbor's eye, unknown,
Though choked with beams ripe for casting;
We pick and fuss at specks in our own.

Your Pope and Hogarth have it, John.
The retrobation they decree,
Like wit, is a social phenomenon,
Not this damned apostacy!
Yes, yours is a longevous age;
And you a prophet for this demise.
Perhaps the last redeeming sage
Before we blank revealing eyes,
Discovering too late for lethe
Who the joke is played upon,
That you in Satan's tomb beneath
Were the last single soul, John.

RECIPE

By N. C. Bowlen

This art is simple enough:
just take a sylvan scene
(Tinturn Abbey or such),
hang up a muscled couple
like naked blond animals,
then give to them for tails
their long long shadows.

ONCE UPON A FORGOTTEN DAY

To Miss Mary Day, deceased.

By N. C. Bowlen

I.

A city's unseasoned atmosphere
Inures my flesh, like carrion
Uneased from heat by fan's electric groan.
Essence of rotting fruit
Airs the blackened furnace grates.
The fan's returning draft
Touches then on some unknown waste,
And plucks a childhood's tool shed
To startle me in my sweaty city bed.
Like that novelist
Who half-dreamed a decade of books
I catch my own private Combray.

II.

I, marble-skinned lad
Seven years from a womb
Heap an old women
Soft with tolerance
In hard green apples
Under arthritic trees.
I, supple-skinned boy
Race an awkward old lady
Down criss-cross paths
Of a broken formal garden.

III.

Small pale eyes hedge
Carefully grip the musty floor,
 (hunched to shun a seizing fear
 he sees as yet no poetry here)
Clean cut by sunlight's piercing edge
Darkness straddles beyond the door.

Dismembered rakes and hoes half-lit
Depict no flowered garden ways,
 (the bulb that hung too high for hands
 waits until the eyes expand)
Limp the careful spider sits
Alert on empty window trays.

Baskets thrown in stacks to rot
Fill each others empty hold.
 (turned his fallow textures wait
 for senseless things to animate)
Fallen among the flower pots
A seedling bed grows mold.

A roofless wren house used for nails
Is coiled by hose when gardens die.
 (broad-cast in age's ungermed blight
 his kernels stretch for some healing sight)
A chink of outside light impales
The spider on the rusting scythe.

IV.

Nice day, eh Miss Day!
See now where are you going?
 To climb this tree and look past the shed.
You're like to fall and break your head!

Now where?
 To the peak and the weather vane up there.
The roof is too steep.
 My rubber soles will grip,
The rain has wet the roof
You will slip!

V.

The moss-green shed dark
Is one with the damp earth
The dark shed verdant and punk
Is one with the woman and the boy
The heavy wet shed ephemeral
Is one.



Illustration by SANDY GRAHAM

The Gull

by Sandy Graham

Aunt Martha's hearing aid was like a long necked turtle. From its shell, hidden in her gray-white-and-red polkadot dress, it pushed its neck close to hers, and leaned its white head into her ear. There it whispered

things to her, and only Aunt Martha could tell what it was saying. Maybe it said evil things, since when she was alone Aunt Martha was unhappy. Sometimes she would turn the turtle off, so that when you spoke to her she would never speak back. It was as if you weren't even there, and sometimes you wished it were true.

Karen grew tired of thinking about the turtle-aid, rose, and scratched her hand along the uneven white paint of the porch rail. Mid-air in a leap downstairs she remembered good-little-ladies-don't-make-noise, but she continued with the hope that the turtle was resting and would not tell on her.

It was nineteen giant steps to the barn: five around the corner of the house, and the other fourteen under the apple trees where rabbits danced at night. In the daytime the boarders marched across the orchard on their way to and from the beach.

Some of the apple trees had been cut down, so that people driving on the road could see the barn. Aunt Martha said that she had worked hard to make it picturesque, and when people saw how pretty it was they would stop and stay a while. At the beginning of each summer she stormed through the orchard and made the barn ready for the Season. First she would kill the tiny mice that had scampered all winter beneath the floorboards. Then she would burn the flowers and old rags Uncle Mark had collected. And at last she would train the ivy. During the year it would grow tired of clinging to the weathered boards of the barn, its thin fingers would relax, and the vines would begin to creep along the stone wall. Such disobedience angered Aunt Martha. Her face always wore a scowl as she stretched the arms of the ivy onto the planks, and fastened it there with sharp iron staples. The green leaves would droop unhappily, waiting for the snow and Uncle Mark to free them.

Luckily, Aunt Martha had never caught him as he wedged his pocket knife beneath the bits of iron, and Karen never told. She liked Uncle Mark and the pictures he made. Every day he would go down to the beach — far, far away from the boarders. The rocks would hide him from them, especially the lady with the blue hair who said he was “so romantic.”

But today was Wednesday, and Uncle Mark could not escape that afternoon. He had to set up the chairs and his easel for the demonstration, when the boarders and the people who drove by in the cars would come to watch him paint a picture. Uncle Mark hated those nights, with everyone sipping fruit punch and telling him that his paintings were nice, but not quite as realistic as the postcards they bought for their friends back home. Uncle Mark would listen and nod, his eyes growing foggy like his

favorite days when the boarders would sit on the porch, leaving the beach to him and the birds.

He was almost finished with the chairs when Karen crept through the barn door and called his name. His start of fright melted when he saw it was only his niece. There was a new picture on the easel, one which even Karen had never seen.

She couldn't help giggling at the big seagull on the canvas, for it looked just like the lady with the blue hair. The bird had the soft blue of the lady's hair, an attempt at whitening. It, too, had veins in its legs that looked like smothering worms squirming to be free. The gull was walking fatly along the beach, red eyes looking for someone. Uncle Mark had painted himself on a cloud where she could not see him, and he was playing with his pet mice.

Karen turned around, and Uncle Mark was smiling too. That was strange, for he disliked the barn and usually only smiled on the rocks.

A beam of light from the doorway leapt across the room and pounced on the easel. Aunt Martha marched in with a mouthful of staples and her hammer in her hand to punish the ivy. When she saw the picture her jaws opened and the staples fell to the floor, scattering like the frightened mice.

"What, may I ask, is that?"

At first Uncle Mark was silent, but after a few moments he smiled and answered quietly, "A queer bird."

Aunt Martha shouted, and jerked her head until the turtle-aid danced. "I don't ever want to see that ugly thing in this barn again. Do you realize that I work hard enough to make a decent living and put up with you without having a monstrosity like that cluttering up the place? Now get rid of it!"

She left, shutting the door with a bang, forgetting that nice-people-don't-make-noise.

Uncle Mark kicked the staples through the cracks in the floor. His empty face avoided the door which lead to the menacing world of boarders, and he picked up his picture, trying not to smear the wet paint. Karen could hear his steps as he slowly carried his canvas to the loft, and then there was a long silence. His returning steps on the ladder were even further apart, and when he was back down she saw that his once smiling eyes were again foggy. He seemed so remote that he could not even hear the tapping of the hammer as Aunt Martha attacked the ivy, and the mice scampered to the loft to weather the onslaught.

THE HIGH COST OF POTENCY

By James Cortese

I.

The muscles
from Manny's Gym
and tendons
from South High's front line
range the beach
as cast-in-copper gods
munificent
in bulge and size.
Watch them romp
in Jockey trunks
and nuzzle their blondes
of piecemeal dress;
watch them laugh
in animal tones
and crush their cans
of Haffner's lighter ale.

II.

And Beanie Wintcliff
small of bone
and weak
of intestinal wall
calls it fate and picks
the sand from his eye.

But Beanie's made a vow.

With Hefta bars
and Stretch-O springs
a mouse becomes a man
who bemoans
the cost of carrot juice
as he flaps across the shore
displaying his suit of courage
clanging
his iron soul.

THE VISITORS

By Sue Tracy

I forget the color of the year then,
Even how the grass looked around them;
All I remember is how white they were,
As new snow in corners of a garden,
Before Spring comes.

My brother and I had run to see them
Where the river ran
And grass is flowing now:
Huge white birds like herons stood
Long necks bent in white archaic curves,
Wading in the reeds.

And later, so often we crept close
Thinking ourselves well hidden, on our knees
Down near the muddy roots, stumbling into brooks;
Approached, all scratched, and saw
Their bright wings shining through grass.

Now, I think they always knew.
For as we came too near,
they (and o they carried all
the years of childhood with them)
spread their wings and flew.

THE RIDING LESSON

By Sue Tracy

Three Morgans trot inside the grey chewed rails
With clinging riders. Even so, they pace
Heads lifted, something of a Persian grace
In their quick feet, the flowing manes and tails.
Prevented now from rolling in the grass,
The horses trot: reluctant, but resigned
To clumsy amateurs. (Each rider's mind
Is less on style, than fear of being hurt.)

These geldings once were colts, with dark-rimmed eyes
And galloped rivers down, in far green fields.
They run for others now. The riders rise
And fall, in awkward progress. Under grey skies
That chill the memory of their early fields,
The loss of freedom comes as no surprise.

THE NUREMBERG TRIALS

By Sue Tracy

Your face, once harsh as stone, (but now
Obscured, like stone, by wearing of decay)
Stares upward toward the judge. Do you still hear
The screams of children, lost inside your fence
Whom you reduced to ashes? Do they smile
And spread their pierced hands out,
Bleeding with wire thorns; their darkened skin
That dimmed your lamps?

He does not fear the watcher,
Nor understand the question.
The children are together
Confused in death. No answer here . . .
The courtroom empties into hollow streets.

TO A BUMBLEBEE
(With apologies to Dylan Thomas)

By Sue Tracy

Do not buzz gentle into your last flight.
Though trapped with net, struggle beneath the sun
And break your wings against the dying light.

In huge eyes and mosaic patterned sight,
Your captors glitter diamonds as they run.
Do not buzz gentle into your last flight.

Your yellow mane with anger bristles bright
As net collapses, blotting out the sun,
And breaks your wings against the dying light.

The great hands bearing darkness, smeared with night
Are strong as murder. Though their deed is done
Do not buzz gentle into your last flight.

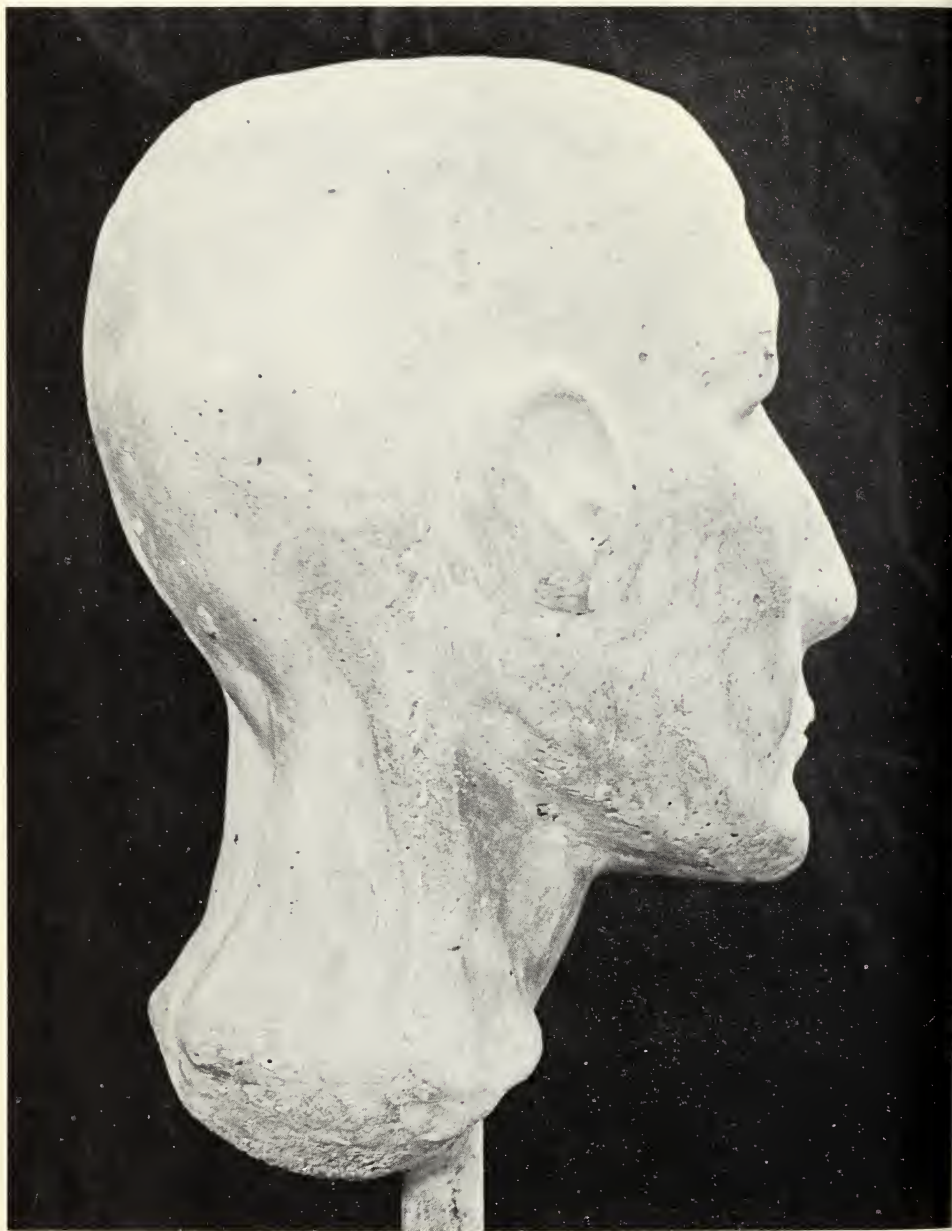
In jar of poison, twisting left and right
You move insane antennae, try to run,
And break your wings against the dying light.

Farewell, poor insect, on a summer's night
Condemned to die because you couldn't run.
Do not buzz gentle into your last flight,
And break your wings against the dying light.



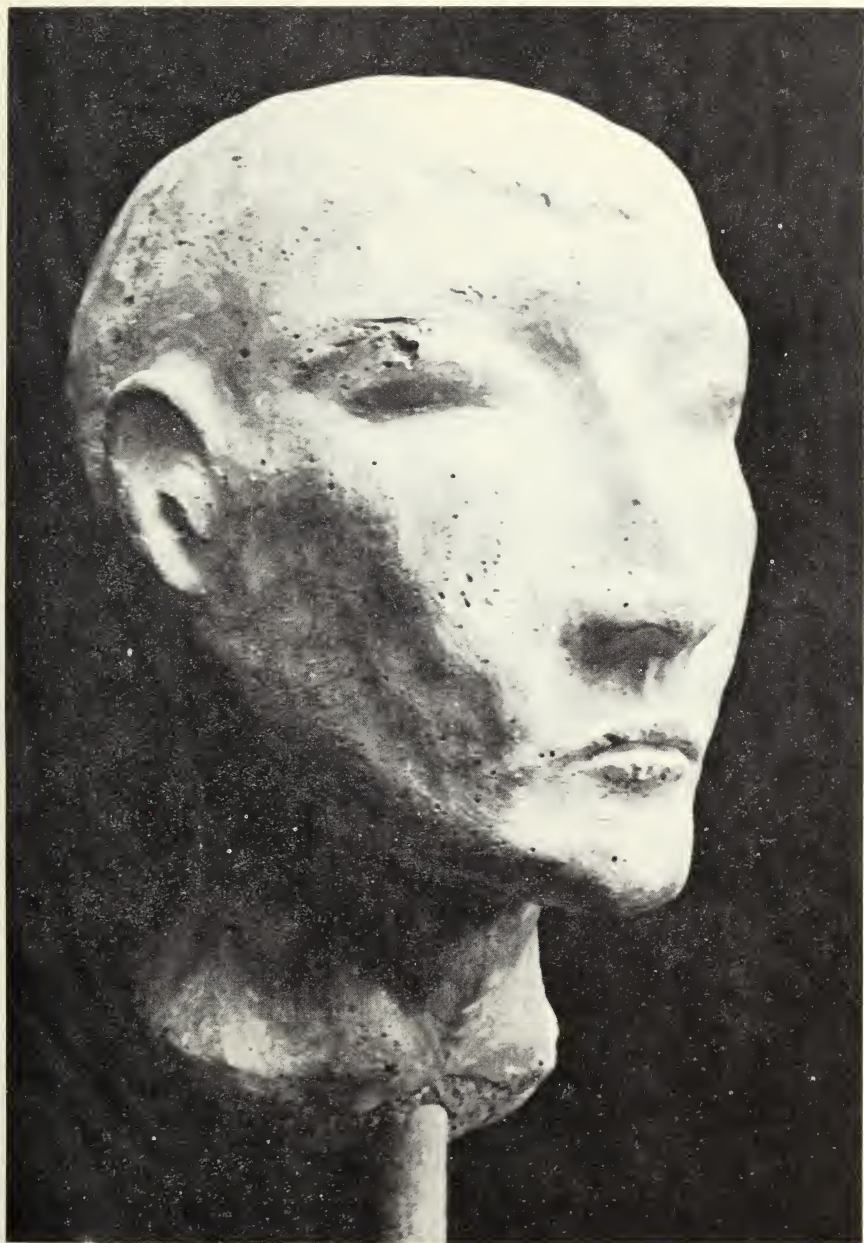
"My Cat Blue" by *Michael Haley*

Oil Painting



Side View of "Head" by *Robert Jarvis*

Sculpture



"Head" by Robert Jarvis

Sculpture



"Reclining Figure" by Mary Sandel



Wood Cut

Cæsura 27



"Face" by Cynthia Stoddard

Wood Cut



Detail of "Face" by *Cynthia Stoddard*

Wood Cut



"Central Park by Night" by *Hinda Katz*

Casein

THE LITTLE MAN IN THE CRIMSON SHIRT

by Steve Orlen

Others speak of man. I form him, and here portray a particular one, very ill-formed, whom I would really make very different from what he is if I had to fashion him over again. But now it is done.

I will start from the beginning. I am a sculptor, an old man. My sister and I have lived on Manhattan's Lower East Side for many years. Now and then a small gallery uptown sells one of my pieces, enough to enable me to buy clay and replace worn tools, and sometimes there is a little left over. As for live models, I no longer need them, for I know and love the human body well enough. I walk and watch and search the streets of the city and there find my inspirations, my people. But watching and working have never been enough for me. There has always been a force from within — a strange striving, almost a hunger — which has driven me these many years. I had to give it a name, something towards which I could channel my frustrations and my energy — perfection.

A year ago today, I changed that name, and in the rechristening lies my story.

In the fall I worked on a small figure, a pair of young lovers. It was

almost completed and ready for casting when I sensed something wrong, an imperfection somewhere. I chipped some more at the base and smoothed the entwining arms. Still, something was missing. Be patient, I thought, it will come, it always has. I will walk a bit, I will take the statue with me down to the bridge. In the sun I will find the answer.

I put it in a canvas bag and walked to the river where the benches are beneath the bridge. I placed my two young lovers on the concrete wall and sat away in the shadow of a large tree to study them.

I sat like this for over an hour with no more idea of what was wrong then when I started. I moved to leave, when suddenly a strange voice which seemed to come from inside said — "Wait old man. Your statue is no good. It is not done."

I looked around me. The benches were empty. I smiled at my foolishness and muttered: "Yes . . . yes I know that."

"No matter. Your statue is no good. It is not done."

"I know. I said I know." I turned the figure around in the sun and approached it from a different angle. Perhaps it is the texture, I thought, . . . yes, that's it, the texture is too smooth.

The voice spoke again: "The texture is good. It is the statue that is no good. It is not done."

"The proportion?" I asked, feeling more foolish.

"No. The proportion is perfect. It is always perfect." And in the same round ominous tone, as if from an echo within, the voice repeated: "Your statue is no good. It is not done."

My patience left me. "I know! I know! Go away!" I was shaking. I am crazy, I thought, like a foolish old man I have sat in the sun too long.

"Stop shaking and lower your voice. People will think you are crazy." The echo again.

"I am crazy, talking to myself like this!"

"No matter. Your statue can never be good. It can never be completed."

"But why?"

"No matter. You will soon know. Take the lovers in your hands, break them on the wall and cast them into the river. They will melt, become clay again, and return someday to the river bank."

I did not answer. I thought: but I have worked so hard, and for nearly a month now. To throw it away would be such a waste.

"No waste. There is nothing that is wasted," the echo said slowly, spacing the words. "Do as I say. You have a force stirring in you for many years. Because you did not know, you named it perfection, truth to the human form. You were mistaken. Now you must give vent to

that force. It is time for your masterpiece to become a reality. You are the chosen one.

"Do as I say. Break your lovers and cast them to the waters. Fill your bag with fresh clay from the bank, make three trips and begin."

"But what is it to be!" The voice did not answer.

I processed the clay and the following Saturday I set to work. I had no idea where to begin, so I sat in front of my short squat lump of clay for many hours that day no more than touching it. What was I to make? My masterpiece? Yes, but what was it to be? The voice was very specific about the amount of clay I was to work with . . . perhaps that was a clue. I had almost enough to make a man, but he would have to be quite short. Very well, I thought, then I will make a very short man.

I became quite attached to my little man, for I hadn't since my youth worked for such a long time on one piece. But my patience bore fruit and by the end of March he was completed.

He was just five feet tall and quite thin at that. But notwithstanding his size, he was proportionally a very perfect and complete human being. On a bizzare impulse, I painted his shirt bright red and his pants pale green like an unripe apple. I set him on the back porch to dry in the sun and left, quite relieved and happy that I was done.

I met my sister at the fruit store where she works and we walked the five blocks home. She too was happy that I had finished my work, because — "Frankly," she said, "you haven't been quite yourself this whole winter and what's more it's that hideous little man you've been working on." I agreed and smiled and said that it was all over and let's go home and eat and forget the whole thing.

While she prepared supper, I went to the porch to see if the little man had dried. He was gone! My statue, my little man and masterpiece was gone! My sister tried to console me by saying that it looked too much like a cigar store Indian and I could never have sold it. I was not consoled. I had worked too long and too hard. I went for a walk. I would report the theft to the precinct station. Cigar store Indian indeed!

I walked only a block and a half when I saw it. It was on the third step in front of a shadowy doorway. Relieved, I ran through the after-work crowd towards the familiar crimson shirt and clapped it on the shoulders as I would a dear friend whom I hadn't seen for many years.

The statue seemed to move. My little man seemed to tremble when I touched it! My imagination again, I thought, like that crazy echo. No. He did move! He shuddered all over, his mouth trembled as if he were trying to utter something. He jerked his hands to his shoulders and hit them in a very awkward way, almost as if he were trying to brush off the

touch of my hands. Suddenly, he shook his head at me and ran off through the crowd. I ran after. "Come back!" I yelled, but he was gone.

The little man in the crimson shirt worked as a sweeper in a large delicatessen two blocks away from the dark doorway in which I last encountered him. He lived in a small, sparsely furnished room six flights up from that same doorway. He went nowhere but to work and made no friends. Soon his life, if you can call it that, became a strange and drab routine.

In the mornings he would walk the two blocks to work. At work he spoke to no one, but was known to do his job well. Except for his rigidly kept silence, he had only two other apparent eccentricities: he silently refused to go out in the rain or even come to work in cloudy weather, and he suffered no one to touch him. After the first shuddering incident with a young and eager waitress, he was not touched again. People thought him odd and antisocial, but he was left alone. After all, there are many peculiar birds in the city.

After work he would walk home carrying a small chamois rag in his right hand. In the evenings he would wipe himself off with the rag, set it on a shelf, and sit in a wooden chair or lie unmoving on the bed until morning.

One day his routine was broken. On his way home at six o'clock he noticed a young woman just ahead of him. She was plain, though not unattractive, about twenty-four or five and wore a light green spring suit. He stayed behind her as far as his doorway, hesitated for a moment then climbed the stairs to his room. The next day he saw her and followed again. After a week of this, he remained a few minutes longer at work until he caught sight of her walking by, then he followed. He never approached or spoke to her. He just followed. To her, he became just the little man in the crimson shirt whom she saw on the way home from the subway.

On a bright and sunny day in May a strange thing occurred. The young woman was walking by a clothing store; she stopped, returned to it and looked into the window at a dress which was on sale. She smiled in the glass for a few moments, then moved on towards home. But not the little man. He hesitated at the dress shop window, gazed smiling for a few moments, then moved on just as she had done. Just before passing the shadowy doorway, the woman stopped at a fruit stand and bought a bag of winter apples. She walked by his doorway munching on one. He also bought a bag of apples and this day, instead of turning in at his doorway, he kept following, munching also on an apple as he walked. Two

blocks later, she turned into a short open alley and disappeared down some steps into an apartment. He turned and silently made his way home.

For the next two months, this routine repeated itself daily. The girl would window shop or stare at a passer-by as strollers often do, and the little man would imitate her. She touched her hair, he touched his. She stopped and listened to some music coming from a record store, he stopped and listened also. It got so that he tried to see everything she saw, touch everything she touched and hear everything she heard. But it was more than a simple duplication of her actions. It was so thorough, his actions and reactions were so precisely the same as hers, that it seemed as though he wanted to *become* her.

Around the middle of July, the routine was slightly altered again. The girl acquired a boyfriend, her boss from the office. Mondays through Wednesdays he came home with her from the subway. At first, the little man in the crimson shirt and the pale green pants seemed confused; he faltered; he stopped following for a few days. On Monday, however, he resumed his routine, unchanged by the man's presence.

"Hon, who's that little guy who's always following us from the subway?"

"Which one? Oh, you mean the funny little man with the red shirt. I don't know."

"Does he always follow after you like that . . . I mean when you're alone?"

"Well I don't know. What difference does it make? Don't tell me you're jealous of a funny looking little man who never changes his shirt."

"Don't be cute. Does he always follow you?"

"Well yes, I guess he does. But so what? He seems harmless. I mean he never tried to pick me up or anything. He never even says hello."

"Muggers never say hello, little girl. Christ, there's muggings and rapes down here practically every night of the week. Now why don't you move uptown near me like I asked? I don't like grubby little guys following you around like this."

"He isn't grubby and he doesn't bother me. And I told you before, I like it down here. The people are more interesting. Everybody's a character here, not like those stuffy white collar people you live with." They turned into her private alley and went down the stairs. The conversation changed to other things at the supper table.

"Hey Hon, that little bastard's still following us. He came out of the deli just after we passed it. And he's still got that damned red shirt on."

She turned. He was there, about ten steps behind them, but at that

moment he turned also, so she could only see the back of his head.

"Hm, I guess he is . . . I wonder . . . but he's so cute, dear. Look at him, he won't bother us."

"How do you know he won't bother you?"

"Well if you're afraid of him, a big man like you. . . ."

"Don't get funny. I'm only afraid for you." She took his hand and squeezed it. "Listen Hon," he said, "I've got an idea. Tomorrow afternoon, instead of going up to see Mother, I'll follow behind the both of you. I won't bother him, I'll just follow and see what he's up to, where he goes after. O.K.?"

"Oh Allen . . . I don't want a scene. Oh, go ahead!"

The next day, a Thursday, Allen followed. He walked behind two women so as not to be seen by the little man. He saw all the compulsive imitation, all the comic duplication that the little man went through. He was puzzled but not at all amused. He watched him turn back at the alley, walk two blocks and go into a doorway. He returned to the girl.

"This guy's gotta go. That's final, he's gotta go! I'm going to call the cops on this one!"

"Don't get excited, Allen. What happened? What did he do?"

"Oh nothing, nothing at all. He just imitated you, that's all."

"He what!"

"He imitated you, that's what! He copied your actions to the letter. *You* scratched your head — *he* scratched his head. *You* looked up at the buildings — *he* looked up at the buildings. *You* tripped on the curbing — *he* tripped on the curbing. I'm telling you, this guy's loony; he's probably got a long record of this sort of thing."

"Maybe he's just an out-of-work mimic or something. You know, Marcel Marceau."

"For Christ's sake, how can you — I'm calling the cops. That's all."

"O.K., calm down. I know, maybe this little man *is* dangerous. Maybe he *does* have a record. Maybe he's going to rape me in the middle of Delancey Street and I'll give birth to twin midget-mimics with crimson shirts in the bargain!"

"You know you have a stupid sense of humor. I told you, this little bastard is —"

"This little *bastard* is probably harmless! I refuse to be afraid of every little guy who follows me home and doesn't even bother me. Let him have his thrill. I could probably floor him with one punch anyway."

"I don't care what you say. I'm calling the cops."

"You call the cops, Allen Sobel, and you can stop calling me! That's my final word!" She stormed into the bathroom. He left, shaking his head.

The next afternoon, clad in a light summer suit and a tan raincoat the girl walked the five blocks from the subway, alone. She passed the delicatessen that Allen had mentioned and got a glimpse of the bright red shirt behind the door. She hesitated, thought better of it, and moved on, this time more slowly. She turned her head quickly to catch his eye, but saw only the back of his head. She crossed at the corner, and once on the other side, she purposely dropped her handbag and took a few minutes picking up what had fallen out. She got up and walked on about ten steps, carefully gauging the time it would take the little man to cross the street, then she turned around. At precisely the same spot where she had dropped her handbag, she saw him bend down, brush the ground with his fingers and pick up a small rag and put it in his pocket. He was imitating her. Sure enough, Allen had not exaggerated.

It began to rain. She put on a plastic hat and pulled up the collar of her coat. Just before the next corner, on the block where she lived, she turned her head and saw, just as she had expected, the back of his head. Still looking behind her, she arrived at the corner and rushed around it, pressing her back against the window pane. She held her breath, thinking: in about five seconds he will come to the corner; then I will know. The rain came down harder and the water flowed deep in the gutter.

The little man in the crimson shirt and the pants pale green like an unripe apple stood on the curbstone about six feet from the girl. He did not move. The girl walked slowly over to him and looked down at his expressionless face.

"Hello little man," thinking: how tiny he is, how sad he looks. Her voice was calm, friendly, almost inviting. He did not answer, but stared at her for a long time.

"Little man, what's your name?" No answer, no change of expression moved his silent face. "It doesn't matter," she said, smiling, "We can still be friends. You want to be my friend, don't you?" No answer.

"My boyfriend Allen saw you following me yesterday and thought you were going to hurt me. I told him I knew you couldn't do a thing like that. I said you looked too kind for that. You weren't going to, were you?" His face seemed to drop a little; he seemed sad that she was talking to him.

"Why don't you answer? I want to be your friend." People were hurrying by in the rain; she felt safe, but her voice began to show some apprehension.

"Please Mister, will you tell me why, why you follow me every day like this? Don't you see, I have to know, I have to know what you want from me." She took her hands from her pockets and opened them about four inches from the little man's face. He started to tremble and the

crimson shirt and the pale green pants began to drip, and the paint collected in a colorful puddle at his feet.

"Mister, I've got to know," she cried, and grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him. His mouth trembled and opened just a little and his eyes closed. She shook him again and a great shudder went through his body and he fell. When he hit the street, his body shattered into a thousand pieces in the gutter and the red and green and flesh-colored hunks of clay crumbled in the flow of muddy water and collected swirling around a sewer grating three feet away. The rain beat down harder and the girl watched the paint wash off the hunks and the hunks become smaller and finally dissolve completely and drop into the sewer. All that remained was a small puddle of red and green paint at the girl's feet getting thinner and thinner and thinner.



Illustration by SANDY GRAHAM

EVOLUTION OF DETERMINATION

By Janet Whelan

New shoes
I wear; the size
Is wrong, but never will
Those shoes go back. It doesn't hurt.
Oh no.

New shoes
Went home. The man
Had said that they would hurt.
I bought the shoes to spite the man.
They hurt.

AMENITY

By Janet Whelan

The cat
Now sinks her teeth
Into my handy leg.
My hostess does not see the cat.
I sit.

THE PASSING TIME

By David Haracz

Withered leaves rattling in the heartless wind
Obey the command of passing summer,
Fall to spread their bright unseemly pall
Across the still-warm corpse of land.
Numbered less each day upon this barren plain,
With supplicative arms outstretched
We also mourn our passing phase.
No longer wrapped in summer sun,
Our naked bodies quake before advancing winds,
Heralds of creeping fog that,
Shadowing earlier light,
Bring too soon the fear of coming night.

FROM THE GATE

By David Haracz

Walk with me this country road,
Ribbon-winding beneath lordly Maples'
Benevolent shade,
Skittering across hand-sown fields
Of golden grain tucked in forest pockets,
Arching lazily over brooks with lesser aims
Than to fill some tidal pool.
Leave your rock walled canyon's shimmering heat,
And in majestic silence
Tread the pines' gold carpet.
Pass beyond the sprawling, steel-ribbed beast
Of asphalt tongues and wire hydra hair,
Foul smoke breath and drainage blood,
And pass in mind to greener fields,
To spite with me this worst of worlds.

RETURN

By David Haracz

Once here the hearth,
And here the stairs,
And there,
And there,
And there. . .
The old house was like
A family Bible,
Filled with marks of close-tied lives.

TOWER 3

By David Haracz

You could touch a cloud from here,
Perhaps,
Or roll up the Mercator landscape
That stretches forth from here
To misty infinities of far away.
This is the place to cultivate a soul
While listening to winds in spruce tops.
But, as needs must be,
We search for curls of smoke,
Death among the pines of life.
Below, the yellow serpent kisses tenderly
The leaves through which rises the false crown,
A golden tiara to mark the death of majesty.

CAT AND MOUSE

By Steve Orlen

At the time of the year
when the grasshoppers whine
and the field mice enter the cellar
when the leaves are turning to fall

Down between the white yard fence
and the small maple
a black cat duty bound
does battle with a slate grey mouse.

I watch.

Like the books tell
they play cat and mouse
(the cat playing
the mouse praying)
run about, the mouse squeaks
the cat claws
the mouse claws
(how humorous)

Seeing me, the cat black
shoves mouse in mouth
lets him go
plays ring around the maple

Both cross the road
upset the cricket's cave
tousle the leaves there
a car passing startles the cat
who nonchalantly whumps
the grey mouse
one squeak and dead

He takes him in his jaws
to a privater place
where he can sup in peace.

AT THE AGE OF FORTY-EIGHT

By Steve Orlen

At the age of forty-eight
my mother is a budding poet
she's dyed her hair dark
red and bought a lute.

She's even taken to whistling
in the bathroom after breakfast
and entertaining the neighbors
at noon by reciting
dirty ditties hanging
blood red upside down
from the apple tree and
swinging her long locks
in the dust.

Or underneath my father's bed
stretched on knees and elbows
writing verses to the moon
she peers and leers and
wrinkles up her nose
and curls around her toes
and delights all hell
out of my baby sister
who
imitating mother

has taken to walking
backwards even up the stairs

Or strings of puffy apron
pinched in her outflung fingers
smiling
she dances across
the kitchen floor
and out the open door and
into the sprung sun of summer
she heartily insists
that all is well
and she don't give a damn!

THE STONE

By Thomas Hughes

The year you were born
And the year you died
But not a mention
Of the things you tried
To do with those years.
The success, the failure
And tales of tears
Lie buried in the earth.

CHANGE

By Joanna Basilea

How calm was I about that love;
With what round flame I coolly turned,
While all that unseen gloria
Was hidden bud and fold.

And then one night such rough-barked oaks,
Such leaves and lips and earth:
I could not stay my rushing throat,
But breeze-ran all the hills.

And then such hollow nest and turf,
Such underblack and nape,
I could not raise my lidded head,
But kept the petals in my eyes.

REQUIEM

By David Axelrod

And we shall build a monument
To honor our war dead;
Piling stone on stone,
Cement and one strong figure,
Armed, atop the inscribed pedestal,
And date it; and flower it
Once each year;
And let the pigeons roost,
So all who pass can say . . . nothing,
Just pass and never notice.

(NEAR MOORE'S CORNER, JUNE 1963)

By David Axelrod

There was once a dam there
at the top of the fall and
flaky concrete streaked with rust
still retarded the water's flow
channeling it all to one narrow point
before it surged out at ten feet wide
and over rocks worn smooth,
and brown with clinging slime,
so slippery that no foot
could dare a footing.

Churning white at uneven points
the water ran its trilling course
to one potent swirl in a clear brown pool
at the base; and we, on
dry rock, firmly footed,
slipped through that narrow point
tumbled and slipped
and gazed through foam
all in our lulling thoughts
and kissed and woke in love, with
gushing waters.

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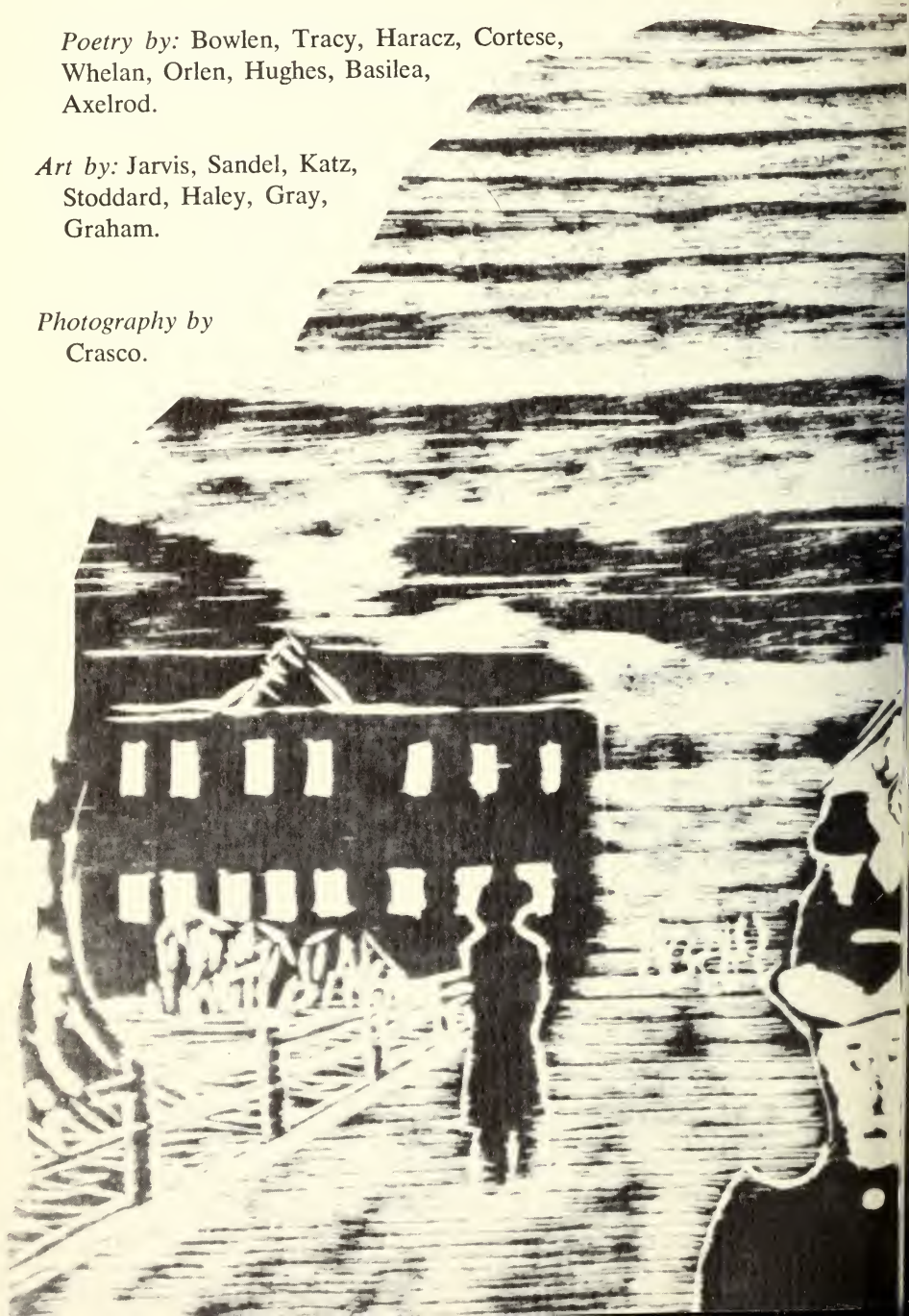
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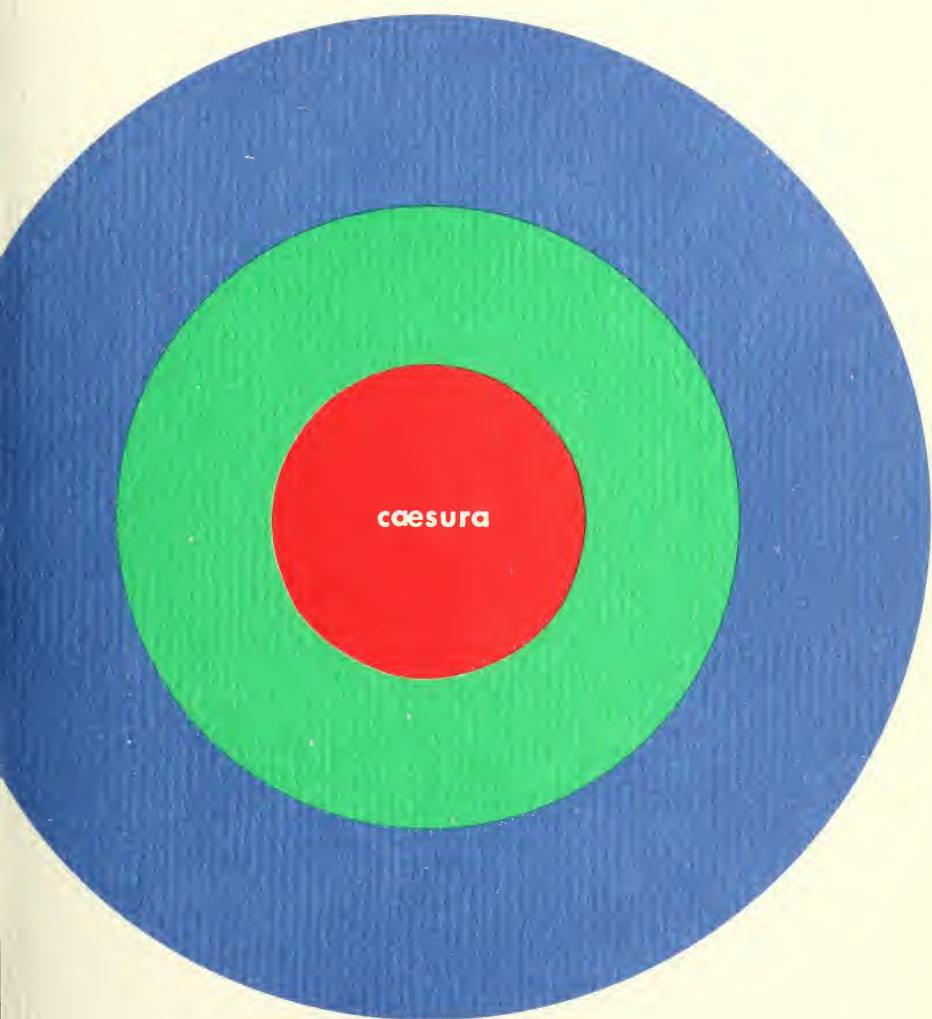
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

FICTION

Eve S. Marcus	<i>Atventure</i>	9
Mike Hensch	<i>Triste</i>	21
Ray Hill	<i>To Kill a White Deer</i>	60

POETRY

William Arnold	<i>Ocean Voices</i>	13
	<i>Moon Lake</i>	13
	<i>Ocean Sands</i>	14
	<i>Oils & Easels</i>	14
	<i>"Dark They Were"</i>	15
Susan Tracy	<i>Another Spring</i>	16
	<i>Summer</i>	16
	<i>Gravestone and Squirrel</i>	17
	<i>Debridement</i>	18
	<i>Deaf</i>	18
Deidre Haley	<i>Desk Drawer</i>	19
	<i>To Michael</i>	19
Tab Meeker	<i>Untitled</i>	20
	<i>Once</i>	20
Jay Thompson	<i>Sunday Best</i>	20
Steve Orlen	<i>Endlich Endlich</i>	43
	<i>As Barren As His Eyes Were Brown</i>	44
	<i>Day Lilies</i>	45
	<i>Tanka</i>	45
	<i>Stolen Night</i>	46
	<i>Penny Candy</i>	47
	<i>I Was Told of Beauty</i>	48
Dave Haracz	<i>The King</i>	49
	<i>Boy, Horse, Star</i>	50
	<i>No Title</i>	51
	<i>There's a Cricket</i>	52
Janet Whelan	<i>Inheritance</i>	52
	<i>Puzzle</i>	52
Michael Haley	<i>Lost</i>	53

continued

Table of Contents (continued)

D. B. Axelrod	<i>Kildare Where Are You</i>	54
	<i>Image of Love</i>	54
	<i>Through Certain Streets</i>	55
Charles Dean	<i>Haiku</i>	56
Mark Cheren	<i>To Go For A Walk</i>	56
Donald Carr	<i>Not Nomad, But Passive</i>	57
	<i>Four O'Clock</i>	57
James Cortese	<i>Existence Preceding</i>	58
Jean Esser	<i>Hymn</i>	59
Hal Stowell	<i>Fields</i>	66
Judith Kroll, Smith College	<i>The Bride's Song</i>	67
	<i>Genius</i>	67
	<i>Ballad Of A Large, Sad Woman</i>	68
	<i>It was a healthy year . . .</i>	69
<i>Art</i>		31-42

photography by Littlefield

cover design by Neil Blatte

EVE S. MARCUS

ATWENTURE

I'm walking along a spring street . . . or I'm walking along a spring day. I'm clean and fresh like the green fresh street; I washed my hair this morning. The green, fresh street is a long narrow street. You can't see the end. You can hear the end of the street when the bells play. It closes together into a V of brown bark trunks and clouds of buds. They're bushy-headed trees. Bushy branches touch at the middle of the street; they make yellow-green arches along down the street, as for a bride. Maples have green flowers; they don't smell flowery, just sour like maple leaves you crumple and rip up.

The breeze is curling around, curling around the sun on me; blowing around my head and under my arms, blowing my sun spots away. Touching my toes, slipping under my sandals, stroking the tops of my feet; blowing the fronts of my legs, dividing to glide along the sides. Touching the folds in my full, light skirt and curling under it. Around my waist, tight waist, light blouse, thin blouse, long hair. Sun's warming my forehead;

wind's blowing my ears. I've thick hair; it's long hair that's soft on my neck and full on my back. Wind, you can't lift up my hair! I like the way I look today.

Pa likes the way I look. He'll like what I'm doing today. "You hef to go on atwentre! Atwentre! You hef to talk to people! You hef to go a little bit away!" "All right Pa, I go on enough Atwentre! I'm going on one today."

Sally's sister is sophisticated. She knows what to say. Sally says that she knows how to bring people out. She knows what to say. Sophisticated? Don't want to be that. But bring them out . . . Yes. Then they know what to say. Talk to the people, yes. See what they're like. "Jutka! Go for atwentre!" Feeling fresh and pretty. Nice day today. Going down to see who plays the bells at the church at the end of the street. Pull them with ropes? Hit them with mallets? Who plays those bells? Sally's got to make a bug collection. I'm making a people collection. Collect a bunch of characters. Pa's a character. He's a refugee. Ma's a New Jersey girl. Man who rings bells will be a New Englander, a freckle-faced, red-faced Yankee. I'm getting a people catalogue; I'll write about them someday.

I've got a character of an adolescent, the ugly pubescent. Me. It's in a notebook that I kept, sort of a diary when I was 12, 13, 14, part of fifteen. I wrote my feelings, some horrible, emotional pieces sometimes. When I wrote them I wrote them so that when I had an adolescent girl I'd know what she was thinking. I read some of the pieces once in a while; God, you can't stand reading them all. They're awful. They embarrass you. You wish it wasn't you who wrote them. But I'll keep them anyway, for my daughter. Then I'll see what she's thinking. She won't tell; I remember that.

Who's the man who rings the bells? A janitor type? I think that's what he must look like, but he couldn't be that if he rings the bells. Talk to him. See what he's like. But don't say too much. Just a little. Then he'll get started, and once they've got someone to listen to them, boy, they'll talk. Have to learn to listen, but it's much more fun to talk. I've had some listening success already. It was the boy who wore moccasins, woolen socks, old dungarees, and a sweat shirt. I got him to talk and he didn't stop; he told me that talk is cheap. He said, "*Some* people are afraid to yell for no reason even if they're alone in an empty room with no one around. And *some* people write poetry that's just a bunch of words thrown together that are supposed to be deep but they're a bunch of nothing. You play the piano? You dance, too? I paint. Just did a couple of pictures." So I said, "One thing I don't like to do is paint." In a deep, solemn voice he answered, "That's a very brave thing to say."

The man who rings the bells will be a small man. Really might look a

little like a janitor—greyish complexion, straight hair parted on the side and a piece that separates and hangs down over his forehead. He's wearing a loose, blue shirt tucked into grey, pressed pants. The pants are too big for him. They're the wrong size; He's a small man. His wife makes very sure to keep him well ironed. But he can't quite be the janitor-type if he rings the bells. Have to talk to him to see.

I'm too playful and springy today and want to talk. Remember—shhh—Listen. Listen to them and they'll say a lot. It's like leaving a part of your life to the man in the train. You don't know him, and how can he know you, so he tells you things that nobody knows. Start asking about the bells and how he's . . . No. Don't think of anything now. Not a thing. Because you can't plan what you're going to do. You know that; it just doesn't work. So don't. Think of something safe. Something to dream into.

Smell the burnt leaf smell, how it cuts your nose and smell the patches of warm grass smells, how they fog up around you and clog up your nose. Think of something comfortable. Carl. He's a comfortable thought . . .

He was the best so far . . . out of the two. You don't think about the other one much. You remember what he looked like. You remember him on the telephone — and not much more. He was too nervous anyway; jumped around a lot. Carl was older—that was nice.

He was older; he knew a lot. He was almost resigned. "You like Almond Joys?" "Uhuh." "When we get married we can have them all the time." I smiled. But he wasn't enough—too bad he wasn't enough. After a while his oldness was just oldness; it settled and there wasn't enough else left. I can call him a "bereavement of heart." The other one made me angry but Carl was a "bereavement of heart." It's really like somebody dying. You lose them and all of a sudden you don't know what they're thinking anymore. Have to get used to their just not being, all of a sudden. But they're not dead.

Carl walking next to me. Walk slower. Slow. Leisurely. He's strong. My stomach muscles relax now. Sometimes I couldn't stop smiling. Lean back so there's a curve in your back. Make even slow paces with your feet turned out a little more for balance. Walk heavy, slow, heels lead, skimming the sidewalk, coming down soft. Your stomach bulges. Walk pregnant, Carl next to you. You'd walk contented, kind of proud with a baby in your stomach, and Carl would understand just right. He'd walk right. Slowly. He's next to you and you can hold on to him. He'd know how to be a father even though he'd never been one. He'd know how you feel; he'd know you were comfortable and serene and liked yourself. Hope it'll be that way—serene.

My back is pressed with too much weight; my stomach's too heavy. Pull in your stomach and straighten your back. Walking along with Billy

up the fresh green street. Stride along, singing and teasing, "Did anybody ever tell you you had a nice voice?" "Yah, my mother." "Well she's wrong." "Ah, your mother wears army boots on Sunday!" Walk slower. You don't have to run. Billy'd never understand being pregnant. Probably he would but he wouldn't be right, understand it right. Not like Carl—he's older. With Billy you have to run along and laugh.

Who'll be ringing the bells? Stone steps. Brown door. Muffy smelling church, wooden, of furniture wax. Up a wide staircase. Just doors up here. Behind the heavy door? Nope, an auditorium. Up these narrow stairs, no bannister, just yellow walls. Two doors. Bells behind this one? No, dusty classroom. This one? Almost vertical staircase. Hold on to both walls climbing up. Up. There's always a question mark in my head. Up. Push in the door. He's pulling the bells on a keyboard affair, only an octave of bells. Oh! nice smile . . . It's a he, young like me. You're not a janitor-type at all . . . you're not a janitor person. A he . . . how nice. Atwenture.



F. J. Gavin

WILLIAM ARNOLD

OCEAN VOICES

i am undiscovered voices
a millstone in ocean currents:
in all-this, all-green world
green miles and depths of ambered kelp
cling to skies, shoal rock, the sullen seas:

long-yet i endured the brakish
rasping of the parasite shark,
the ruby around the godly neck:

sound out! these gods
these who enshrine in marbled altars
for i am the crown, the golden god
the iconoclast that salts the sea
a *worthless* stone
the grinding wheel
cloud-salting their slackened sea.

MOON LAKE

i am lake-tortured
a grackled-throat lark:
gold snows glint upon cold lips
(winds through cat-o-nines slap
and stars wish i were willows)
of ice so smooth, the moon
descends its lamplit arc:
she and i night gliders.

OCEAN SANDS

i am a shallow dory
(corroding oarlocks have stilled
adrift a mile long ocean strand)
a sifting hourglass of skeletal wood

the raspblade of teacup waves
clicking the chaff of widowed piers

the clouds of greying herons
swelling feathers against impaling winds

the miles of green surging tides
tearing barnacles on deepened piles

the high, grating gull-white skies
darkening suns have set on fire.

OILS & EASELS

oils & easels and cemented pantaloons
turning wide a stroke of pure genius
blam! a sunset star glaring at night
streeaak ooops blue wide wide rivers
blot! smudge my figure no other walking
and smears of green trees and parks
brown loggers tugging vast arks downriver
kaaroom splat grey stolid solid flat
erect gold god in monolith rock form
i am standing there in his hand created

**"DARK THEY WERE,
AND GOLDEN EYED"**

little susie
from next door
her mother
a queer albino

little susie
always there
white trellised flowers
around her head

little susie
morning-gloried
thinking the sun
was meant to play

little susie
where are you now?
your frail mother
and yesterdays



F. J. Gavin

SUSAN TRACY

ANOTHER SPRING

The hundred-fingered Spring
Tears away winter, exposes
the cold raw stones. This newness,
Recalls another place:
Blossoming out wildly,
In colored exuberant flowers.

And the silver-gilt morning
Edged by blue hills,
Recalls a faroff garden —
With roses the only wall.

SUMMER

Now, when irises grow up as blue
As butterflies resting in the lap of summer,
Now when fish-smells
heavy and warm, eddy on the stairs
darkening my colored eyes:

Again I swim the long race,
rise and fall. Deep down, the lake stones wait,
the cold springs flow.
Under a fast-dissolving sky
Wave-heavy arms sway and fall again:
I reached the buoy.

After, long after,
I lay cast up on shore
stone-pale, white as quartz,
watching the last return.

GRAVESTONE AND SQUIRREL

"I shall give him the morning star"
Just those words, cut in deep
shining dark on the slate
and his name, the year of his death.
And did he have it?

His grave lies under a tall shaft
of long-dead pine, and myrtle
with soft blue flowers, has in-
sinuated over those sharp words.

Dawn is coming, there beyond the cedars
at the meadow's edge. Sky shines
cloud-white, only for a minute.
A squirrel darts down the path
ahead of me. The cedars spread
their branches, like pillars
supporting the dawn.
And the yellowing hay-grass
"which toils not, neither does it spin"
is spun all over with spidery
webs of fine dew, beside the path.



Sandy Graham

DEBRIDEMENT

A sudden flowering of blue eyes
 Surprises in that burned-white skin.
 He knows (none better)
 What knifequick hands
 Those surgeon's sharp extremities
 Are doing: paring him down,
 Reducing him to flesh.
 Bandages hold him softly: a
 sterile spider's web of gauze.

The tattooed serpent on his arm
 Twists as loose skin peels off.
 Salt water joins his blood.
 Charred muscle on white bone:
 "He'll lose that hand."

Swollen lips tremble; he
 Sees flame burst out again,
 Golden, exuberant, strong as sun —
 The tall trees roar out loud,
 Flaming into flowers when he ran
 And darkness tripped him:
 when this death began.

DEAF

She smiles polite assent
 To unheard questions: wings
 Whose feathers hardly touch her thought;

And again retreats below deep roots,
 Under leafy silence,
 To the lost-river-sounds of her mind.

DEIDRE HALEY

DESK DRAWER

Memorabilia
crowds the corners
of my desk drawer.
I live in the limbo
Of the nearly lost,
under the crushing weight
of my past.
Forcing me down, it
presses its relics
upon my soul.
Foolishly
I seek to preserve
that which has been and
can never return.
Life goes on,
the drawer becomes more full.

TO MICHAEL

Trace two limbs of an apple tree.
In matrimony,
They fling a single shadow upon the ground.
At elbow's bend they must break away.
Tortuously
They cast about
Throw out small branches,
Mute evidence of the parting grief.
Human spirit, like the limbs of a tree,
In fraternity
Binds soul and mind
Until the common bond is done,
Leaving
In futility,
The threads of ravaged spirits
Mourning a just-once lost.

TAB MEEKER

UNTITLED

I sit by the pond
Blowing my trumpet to the darkness
Two frogs make love on a lily pad.

ONCE

Once there were people
 wantful and weak.
Once there were people
 with visions and goals.
Once there were people
 genius and god-like
Once there were peop
 rrrrrr-click
 peop
 rrrrrr-click
 peop
 rrrrrr-click

JAY THOMPSON

SUNDAY BEST

Bended knees upon a dusty floor
Clasped hands crushing red roses.

MIKE HENCH

TRISTE

An airborne observer would have thought that I was wandering aimlessly, when, in truth, it was the streets that were doing this. I knew where I was going, but the streets only occasionally happened to point in that direction. This is the Paris that some nutty king laid out as a masterpiece. But, there is Pigalle and it may or may not be Pig Alley as some would call it.

There were, finally, the street walkers who called with obscene words and the men with the books who didn't want you to look very close. And there were the "flesh palaces" which I might have called strip joints were it not for the fact that the goings-on inside had no resemblance whatsoever to the venerable art of the ecdysiast. They were extravaganzas of painted bare breasts lit with colored lights, and they were a frightful bore.

The light bulbs that lit the sign saying "Café Pigalle" loomed bright and real at the top of the commercial square. They made a sharp, sophisticated contrast to the artificial neon that surrounded the rest of the square. Cars sped past in the hurry of Paris and I worried a little as I dodged across the square.

The glass door of the Café was heavy and a little difficult to open. The bar was comparatively empty, so I climbed on a stool and examined the very good-looking girls who were working "the best Café in Paris."

They sat in a group at the far end of the bar. There were six of them, all under twenty-five, all lovely in their own way, and all very expensive. They could have passed for students in their plain sweaters and skirts, and their laughter was genuine. I started to speak to one whom I knew to be Lili. She had been a very expensive twenty minutes only a week or two ago. But I remembered that one didn't speak directly to them. They were grouped to avoid these simple approaches. I wondered which one I would want. Which one was still young enough?

The answer came quickly. It was not in these lovelies. It was another thousand francs further down the street. The old ones. The used up, nice, cheap, old ones. I did not bother to order. I pushed the large door with my body and walked into the streets.

I walked to the corner, flipped a mental coin, and decided *à droite*. The street I had chosen wound up a hill into the darkness of late afternoon. I walked slowly, passing the other glass door of the "Café," which was situated on a corner. I looked in and noted that this must be the "family room" as there were more men at the bar and more matronly women at the tables.

As soon as I turned away from the door, there was a loud commotion behind me. I spun, half crouching and saw three figures struggling in the doorway.

A distinguished looking man in a tuxedo had a strangle hold on a struggling, old woman in a plain, print dress, who in turn had a strangle hold on a dwarf in a white, silken tuxedo. They were thrashing about, the woman banging at the dwarf's head, grabbing at the door jamb, smashing up against the glass door and kicking at anyone, but no one in particular.

I started to do something, but then thought better of it and just watched. For a minute it looked like the old woman had a good chance of beating them both. Then, as if in answer, the dwarf bit the old woman's hand and simultaneously the big guy shoved her, sprawling, onto the sidewalk. She lay there for a moment, catching her breath.

Then she sprang up, pulled off one of her spike shoes, yelled what must have been the French equivalent of "Banzai," and ran back into the "Cafe." I hurried to the window in time to see her kick the dwarf twice and belt the big guy up-side of the head with her shoe. Blood gushed forth from a nasty wound and things got even more serious.

The big guy snapped his fist up in a wicked little right cross and slammed my newly-acquired heroine right in the mouth. Then the little guy, with his useless little arms, grabbed the old woman between the legs and bothered her enough to fetch a heel wound on the side of his head. Kicking, scratching, gouging, kneeling—arms and hands mixed with words that seethed hate—the old woman was finally subdued, and with her hands twisted viciously behind her back, she was slammed against the glass door with her nose making first impact.

Blood was streaming from her mouth and nose as she fell to the sidewalk. I felt like running over and helping her, but still I did nothing. I stood looking at her.

The strangeness of a sort of montage began to creep into my awareness. I stood, slightly uphill looking down on the prostrate form of an old woman. Her face was lined, tired, bleeding profusely. She was framed by the lights

of the Place Pigalle. Red, green, white and yellow mists formed behind her. Horns blared a yellow, honky-tonk symphony (*American in Paris*, perhaps.) Faces began to appear and blot out pieces of the picture. A crowd formed. Out of nowhere people queued up to watch the spectacle. Christians watched my martyr.



F. J. Gavin

The angle tilted a little as I watched the woman's flat, heaving chest draw deep and then relax. I could feel the hatred that came from her. Faster than my eye could follow she whipped off her shoe and threw it at the door. The glass didn't break, but it did when the woman, no longer caring for her body, flung herself after the shoe and crashed into the glass door. A long crack weaved its way down the length of the door. Dimly I could make out the big guy and another guy inside, waving their hands at the girl. She was beating at the door and yelling amidst sobs that racked her body. The men yelled back. Finally she fell to her knees, with her face up against the door, and cried.

"What could she have done?" I asked myself.

The woman turned then, and she saw all of the Christians who had gathered. She raised her hand, fingers in front of her eyes as though she were hating an egg, and proceeded to start speaking. Her words came softly at first, and she moved to a standing position. She was chastising the crowd. Her tempo became faster and faster, and her arms flew about as her frenzy built. I picked up "*Pourquoi detestez-vous la femme?*" She repeated herself often and her hands spoke the frustration, despair and hurt that her lips could not. Perhaps she felt she wasn't being heard for she jumped on top of one of those little cars which was parked near the curb and continued her tirade, even louder. She bared her teeth and started mouthing obscenities at the crowd which was growing bigger by the minute.

Then someone laughed. As if a valve had been opened, laughter began to flood the Place Pigallé. Cars were stopped, and about two hundred bored people stood watching and laughing at a woman on top of a car. The more they laughed, the louder and more unintelligible became her screams—for they were screams now. And then her arms crossed and she lifted her dress up over her head. Then, calmly, she sat down on the roof and took her stockings off. Each of these she hurled at the newly cracked door. She stood in her slip and kicked at a hand that reached for her leg. And another hand reached from the other side, and she kicked at it. Laughter, laughter, screams and laughter. Bull baiting. They all laughed.

"*C'est triste.*" A barely audible voice at my left shoulder. The roaring of the laughter seemed to grow dim as I turned to look at the speaker.

She was short, about five feet even, and blond. Her hair hung in a pony tail. She had a lovely, sad face and moist eyes.

"*Oui, c'est triste,*" I echoed. As I stood looking at her I barely noticed the cries dim and a large man in a T-shirt haul the woman off the car.

"*Je m'appelle Mike, et vous?*" I said to this very lovely person. She replied that her name was Madeleine. I asked if I might buy her a drink. She replied, "If you like." Once more I said that it was too sad. She replied in kind. Yes, it was so sad. She added in excellent English, "You may go to bed with me if you like." A little sadder, I said "Yes, I would like that. How much?"

"Five-thousand francs, and I am only nine-teen," she replied. She took my hand and we walked up the street to where I knew a dark, rented room with clean sheets and a porcelain bidet would be. I shook my head and said, once again, to myself, "*C'est triste. C'est real Goddamn triste.*"

S a g e s s e

"Why does she rush so?" We ran up the stairs, threw money at a lady, and it was for a room. She does not even look.

"*Lentement, lentement,*" I said as I sat in the chair which did not belong

in the room in the first place. I listened to her protestations and her "Non, Non, Non's" and did not care. It is too much money to hurry.

She came over to me, sat down on the floor, and began untying my shoelaces. I liked that. Then she began tugging at the hairs on my legs and murmuring words in soft French. "Softly, *ma petite*. Be gentle."

She leaned back on her arms and sat cross-legged, looking at me. She smiled that sexy smile where the corners of her lips turned up and down at the same time. I stroked her head, playing with her pony-tail, and she bit my hand, perhaps playfully.

Then she jumped up and crossed to the bureau. She showed me pictures of her husband, who was in Algeria, and her little baby who was somewhere. It was a fat little baby. I guessed that her husband must be dead, and that the kid was a sympathy-stick for beating at the hearts of customers.

"Joli Bébé," I said, stroking her from behind.

"Oui, très joli," she replied, stroking the picture.

She kept talking and talking in a soft way. I guess she was telling me about the kid, but I wasn't paying much attention. I stroked her body, her hair, and toyed with her face, blowing gently, tonguing a spot now and then. She pulled away and stepped off an almost measured distance.

As I took off my shirt and slipped out of my trousers, I watched her wiggle out of her slacks and I liked what I saw. She moved toward me—the movement must have been practiced in front of a mirror—and undid her blouse. Turning, she allowed me to take it off. Command performance number what?

"Allez-vous en." I said to her as I sat down again. She moved away from me, a little nonplussed, and sat on the bed.

"What a cruddy way to live," I thought. "Guy every hour or so. Life in a nutshell, in a nuthouse, in a nut world. Tickle their nuts, scratch their butts, and wiggle—wiggle a lot."

I motioned for her to remove her bra. She complied.

(Too cute, too pretty, nice ass, soft titty.)

"It's funny the way women twist their arms to get at the snaps. Then they assume a thousand different shapes. Melons and mammalons. I like the way she tosses her hair, soft hair. When she moves, her breasts jiggle, and she has long legs for a short girl. Why crossed?"

I motioned for her to stand up. She complied.

"A potentate. An emperor. Dance, dance. Even blondes have black hair. And garter belts. Standard equipment. Dance Rimsky. White, pink, brown and perhaps yellow—body colors. The lines change and change in a flowing."

She stands in the middle of the room. Madeleine with breasts that are

whiter than the rest of her and arms that should reach out. I rise, wearily. I move toward her, touch her, smell her and pull her toward the bed.

"Blonde, don't move, don't spread, don't raise your arms, don't turn your head, don't smile, don't talk. Blowing gently and feeling and thinking, then tongue darting on purple-brown tips, licking, tickling, kneading, hurting, feeling. Hands that roam, fingers that scratch, saliva that smells with musk that compells. Lipstick tasted, soft words wasted on ears that pound. Make love to a whore. Breath is thick, fast and unrhythmical. Now digging into flesh and into flesh, parting, searching—now driving and writhing. Wiggle."

The hissing and scratching that shouldn't happen with whores passes and the weariness comes. Minds become practical, and movement becomes ridiculous.

I kiss her on the forehead, start to move, change my mind, and relax in seconds. Tired. She sighs a little and then gives a yip as I decide to move. We lie side by side for a few minutes.

She was a blonde whore named Madeleine. She covered her loins with a towel, douched, and came back to sit on the bed.

The room is hot. She isn't hurrying any more. She takes the baby's picture from the bureau, starts to bring it over, then changes her mind. She speaks, and wants me to see her tomorrow. No. She could not want that, but there is a chance. Speak slowly, *lentement*.

"Did you know what love is?" she says. "Did you know that love is sympathy?"

"No, I did not know that, but yes, it is," I replied.

"You come tomorrow?"

"Yes, I will come tomorrow."

I left the money on the bureau and made sure that she saw me leave it there.

Walking back was a slow thing. I thought a lot about war and whores and old women on cars and hurt and happiness. Lionel Hampton wafted out of a bar, and it gave me a good excuse for walking in.

"Pernod, please."

"Quoi?" was the shrugging response.

"Pairnoe."

"Eh?"

"Pairnoe quarante-cinq, s'il vous plait."

"Ohhh, Pernod." And he poured the drink.

Licorice with a kick choked me and then soothed me. An old hand with rotgut, I downed four and started thinking of funny little frenchmen who pee in outhouses with roofs to keep the pigeons from joining the rite.

"Little dogs and stupid birds. Allouette, jaunty allouette. Here bird.

Come here, bird. Petite pijaun. Come here, ya Goddamn bird. I wish I had a rock. People who wear boxing gloves shouldn't pick their noses."

I started home and fell down several times as I tried to kick the birds. Lamp posts tilted into view and buildings got taller and then shorter as I picked myself up. I knew I'd find my way home 'cause Paris is made for drunks. If you're sober you can't find anything, but drunk you can find the smallest dirtiest hotel with no trouble.

I made it to my room with the help of my friendly concierge. I tried to read for awhile, for I knew that if I lay down, I would get dizzy and puke. The book kept getting out of focus, so I tried to think of war and whores and failing, I fell asleep. Sympathy, empathy and symphony were the last thoughts. Passion and compassion.

P l e i n

Hangovers are God's answer to Alcoholics Anonymous. My head ached and my mouth was its usual dry, cottony self. Walking to the toilet at the end of the hall, washing, shaving, relieving, and cringing a little after the first view in the cracked mirror were familiar sensations. Bending and slurping tepid water from a faucet that ran hard or not at all, was a necessary part of the ritual.

The rite of breakfast passed and the sensations of coffee were relived. The strong, black liquid burned my throat and killed all of the germs which were warring with my vocal cords. Then the necessary cigarette gassed them into oblivion, as the taste of morning replaced the taste of night. My day began with good thoughts and a pleasanter-than-usual outlook.

The sun burned my eyes and made me squint, but it warmed my face and made me feel good. I walked down the Rue Croix des Petits Champs and breathed Paris. The sounds and smells are different from any city on the face of the earth. The horns are pitched higher, the voices are nasal and rapid. The city reeks of wine and puke and yet, it smells alive. The sidewalks tilt and are paved with tipping bricks. The stores are incorrectly named. A "brasserie" sells food and drink, not lingerie. A "cafe" is a night haunt. A "magsin" sells everything but literature. A drunk city built by drunks.

I headed for Pigalle in the day, in the heat of the sun. The streets became individuals and I noticed them for the first time. Rivoli was tall and proud with a history any would envy; Sebastopol was the Crimea and the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Dodging the maniacal taxis I thought, "Theirs was not to make reply, theirs was not to reason why . . ." and not caring, I passed on to Strasbourg with its shops and circular mazes. Was there ever such a street. Winding with no speed limit and no direction. Everyone yells on the Boulevard de Strasbourg. Perhaps they were going somewhere, but it did not seem so.

They could go to Pigalle or to the Louvre, but they don't.

The contrast is completed when the large sidewalks and lovely perspective lines of the Boulevard de Magenta pull you aside. It gives the impression of sanity. There are no artists, no sidewalk cafes' howling faces. Dead faces. There are laundries and stores which are not easy to find in Paris. Magenta is red, brown and the color of clay in a Spanish bullring. It has to be a good street for it separates Strasbourg from Rochechouart.

Rochechouart has no beginning and no end. It is there because someone remembered that it wasn't. It is the street of cheats and charletans. One must see a man with a bullwhip flicking cigarettes out of people's mouths while his friend is picking the pockets of the excited crowd. The street is lined with dance halls and dancing schools. It is a street for lonely people who are not remembered. It is limbo for people who haven't the strength to take on Pigalle, and who haven't the courage to wander down to the Bastille and throw a stone.

My legs were tired as the juices of Pigalle assailed my nostrils. Vegetables were being sold in place of women. Pigalle during the day was a new sensation and a pleasant one. There were no banks, no hotels, no department stores. It was "Jazz on a Summer's Day" and it was cool. The cafes were filled with young people in leather jackets with "Bill Haley and His Comets" splashed across the back in uneven letters. They were greasy and duck-tailed, but full of life and happiness and short, quick little dance steps. The saxophones were loud and brash, but the rhythm was solid and the wine tasted of afternoon. They spilled out into the streets and moved not-caring. It was all clean. I recognized some of the young whores and they were full of music. I looked for Madeleine.

Her room was just off of the "place" and I walked up. The lady of the previous night answered my query with a shrug. I repeated the name "Madeleine" several times, but the response was the same, a shrug and a flow of words. I could not think of any words so I left.

Across the way I could see the "Café Pigalle" and the street of the old woman. I wondered what a prostitute would be doing at this hour and my memory was jogged by the distant whine of a clarinet.

I walked into one of the cafes and looked around. The eyes that met mine seemed unfriendly, almost menacing. The music stopped and I felt like everyone was watching me. I reached down to see if my fly was open. Someone called the bartender from the end of the bar and I left while the eyes were momentarily averted. There were many little jazz joints around the "place" but after trying several, I still had not found Madeleine.

Then, almost by accident, I saw a tiny shop right next to the "Café Pigalle." I had not noticed it the night before. It was only about ten feet wide and not much deeper. It was jammed with people, perhaps twenty or

more, and they were all drinking. For an instant I saw a little blonde head with a pony tail and then the people closed in.

"Madeleine," I yelled, not quite sure of being able to elbow through to her. In a moment she appeared, squeezing between several people.

She laughed and ran up and kissed me. Her lips were moist and I felt wonderful. She seemed so full of life and goodness. We walked back into the shop hand in hand.

The place should not have been. There was no reason for it. It was small, had no bar, sold only soft drinks, and there wasn't room to breathe, let alone move. The furniture consisted of heavily lacquered barrels for chairs and tables. They were all the same height. Seated on two of them was one of the largest people I'd ever seen.

She must have weighed close to four hundred pounds. She talked in a little, squeaky voice and laughed in a huge, deep roar. On each of her mammoth breasts a siamese cat was proudly perched. Snuggling and cooing, she petted each with a fleshy hand. Only Salvador Dali could have done her artistic justice.

Yet, for some reason, everyone was enthralled with her, and they listened to her as though she were a prophet. They quieted when she spoke and roared whenever she laughed. Every now and then one of the cats would rise and make a circle and then lay down, on her breast. Most of the people were older women.

Madeleine explained "*Elle est la grosse mere.*" I understood this to mean that she was called "Big Momma" or some such Williams-like name, but she went on to explain that the fat woman was thought of as the mother of Pigalle.

She looked big enough to have mothered a good part of Pigalle. I could not grasp much more of Madeleine's expansion of this idea. From what I gathered the woman was a sort of holy creature and Elsa Maxwell all rolled into one sagacious bundle. I gave up on making more out of it.

Standing in the little shop, holding hands, kissing every now and then, laughingly, as a touch is laughing, I felt Madeleine and the old woman and the people around me and I felt very good. I reveled in a softness that was not sex, perhaps it was cotton candy . . . yes, the happiness of being young in the carnival in Paris. The merry-go-round, the vertigo, something that melted from softness to sweetness.

After what seemed like an hour, Madeleine took my hand and led me out. We walked and laughed, and shouted. Madeleine would yell at her friends and I would yell just for the Hell of it. We ducked into one of the jazz joints and the faces were no longer unfriendly. And we danced and felt the rhythm, the rhythm that is so much a part of everything.

There was rhythm in the cars in the street, the clink of glasses, the

move of bodies, the breathing, the eyeblink. Madeleine was the movement and the rhythm. There was an uneasiness, a restlessness in the rhythm.

We laughed as we left the cafe, and she wanted to show me her baby. I rather hoped he didn't exist, for the rhythm of a child is confined to sucking and breathing. They come out of contractions, contortions that tear, and then they break and distort with cries that are wails, and life.

Laughter and the sound of dates crushed on an eggshell highway by spheres that have no bounce. There was motion into a building and a brackish fen in a misty corridor that made feet turn to swords when they were out of the water. The cry of a horn was drowned in moisture.

Her apartment was ugly. Her kid was fat. Her face was pleading and serious—almost proud. Happiness was sucked up in a horn of plenty. A spiral that was the inhale of the rhythm-maker. I sat down in the only chair.

She brought wine. I drank uneasily. I waited to make love or something. "No, cheri."

A million thoughts of lesbians and babies and guys dying in Algeria, and there was a nurse at Dienbien Fu, and the baby started crying in a wail that could not have been from hunger. He was too fat.

Pregnant—that's the word they use for the silence. She wants something. Was there a word for her? Was it love or reassurance or was it "Take me back to the horns and drums?" Your move. The glass was empty, the room was filled with sounds of a baby crying and a mother cooing and being a mother. Pregnant place. My feet hurt.

My throat hurt as I kicked the Boulevard de Strasbourg. The sun was still high overhead, but I had trouble seeing. I used four letter words to drown out thoughts. Thoughts of other people and places and Paris and people going mad. Paris and Madeleine left a salty taste in my mouth as I went.



"Woman's Face" by Jane Henriques

Wood Cut



"Head and Shoulders" by Mary Grigalonis

Wood Cut



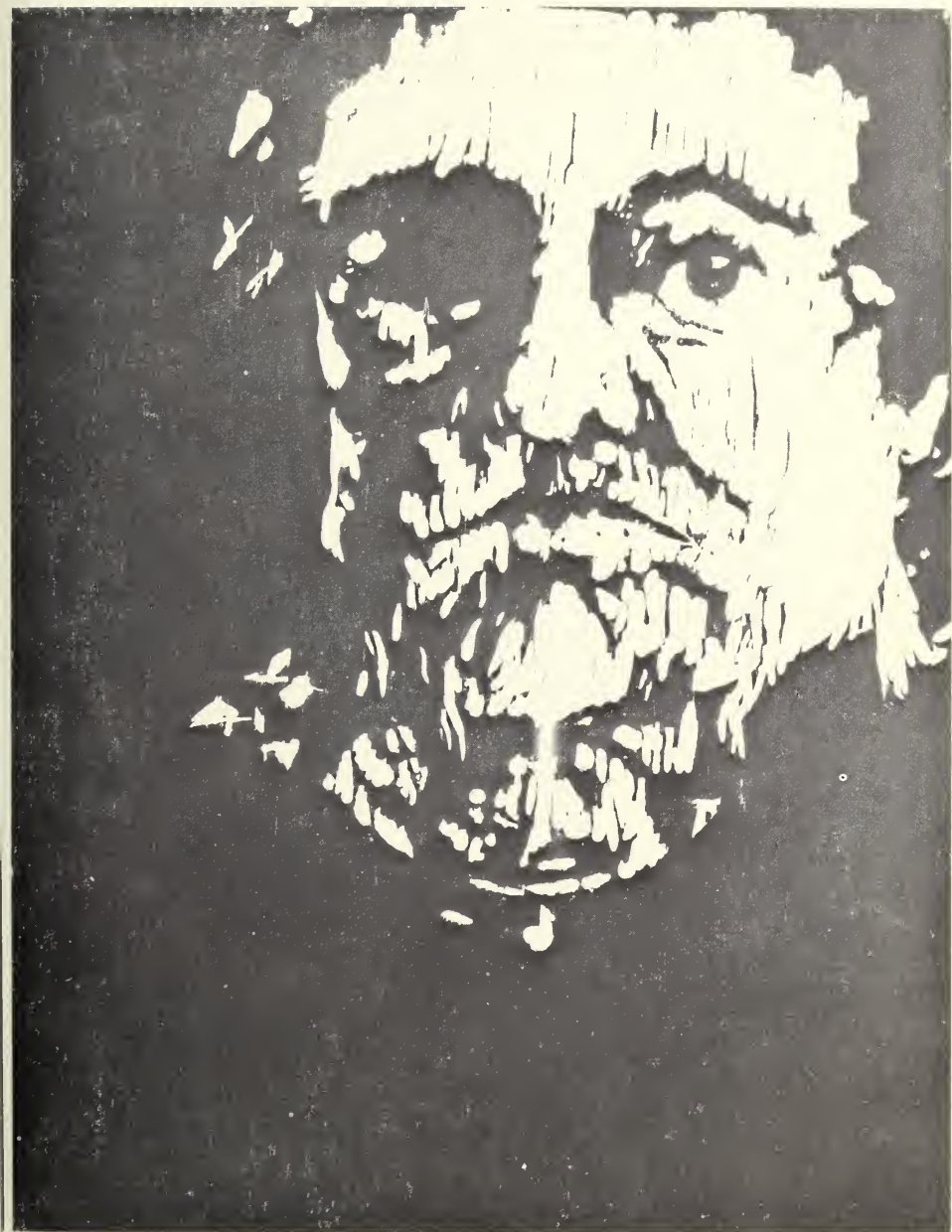
Bottles by Don Crasco

Photograph



"Estranged" by Don Crasco

Photograph



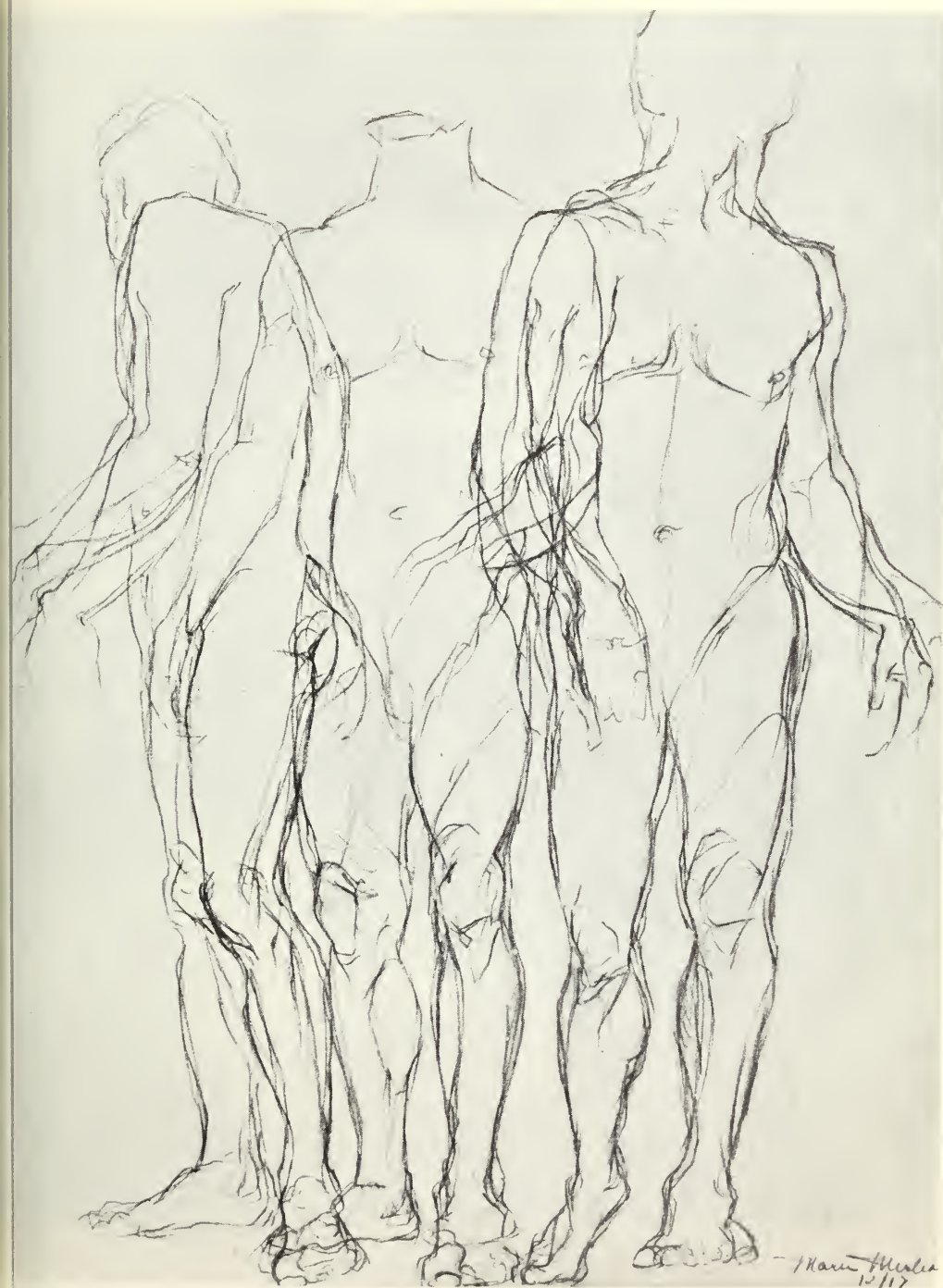
"Head" by Cynthia Stoddard

Wood Cut



"Woman's Body" by Marie Mirliani

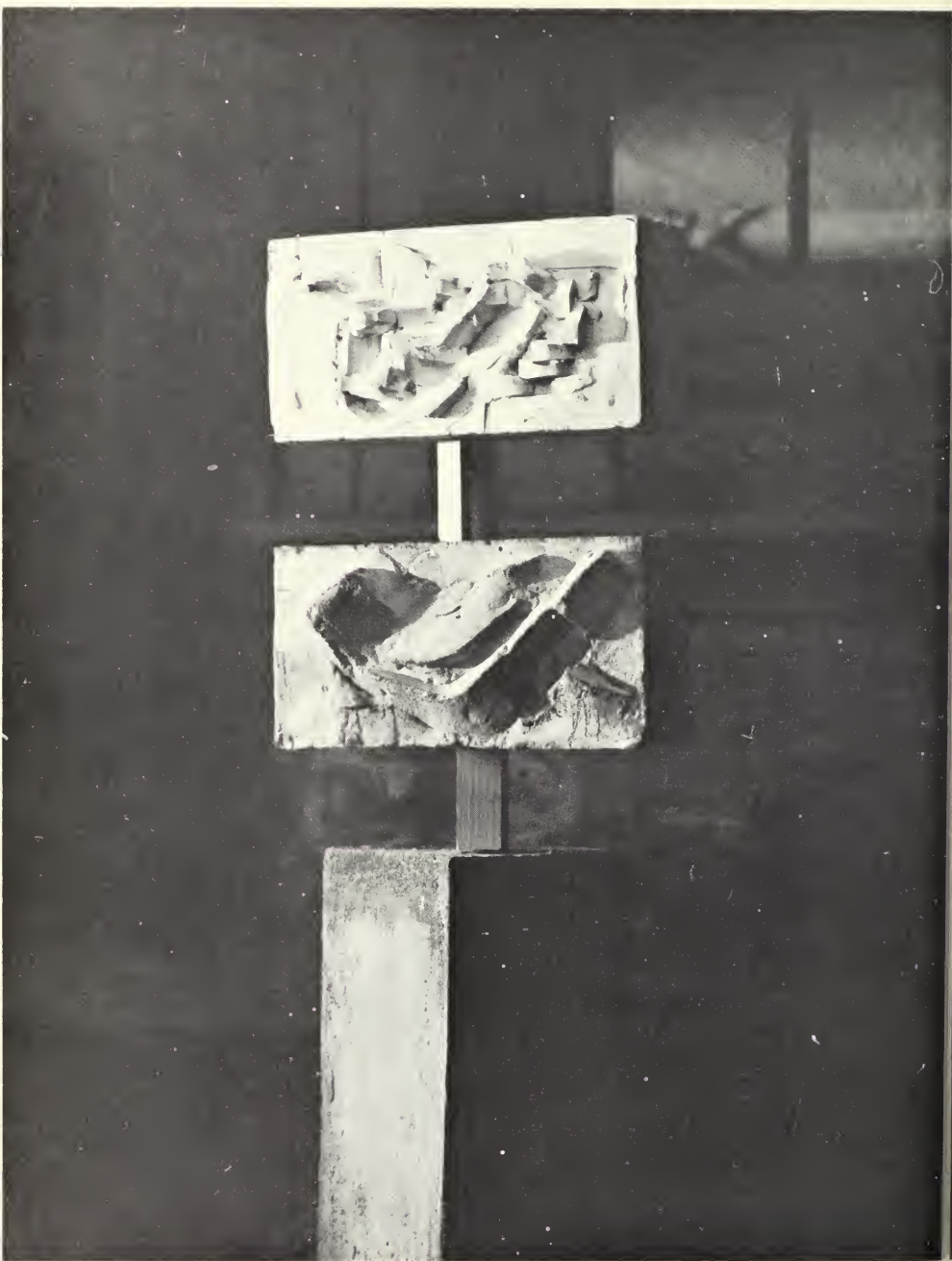
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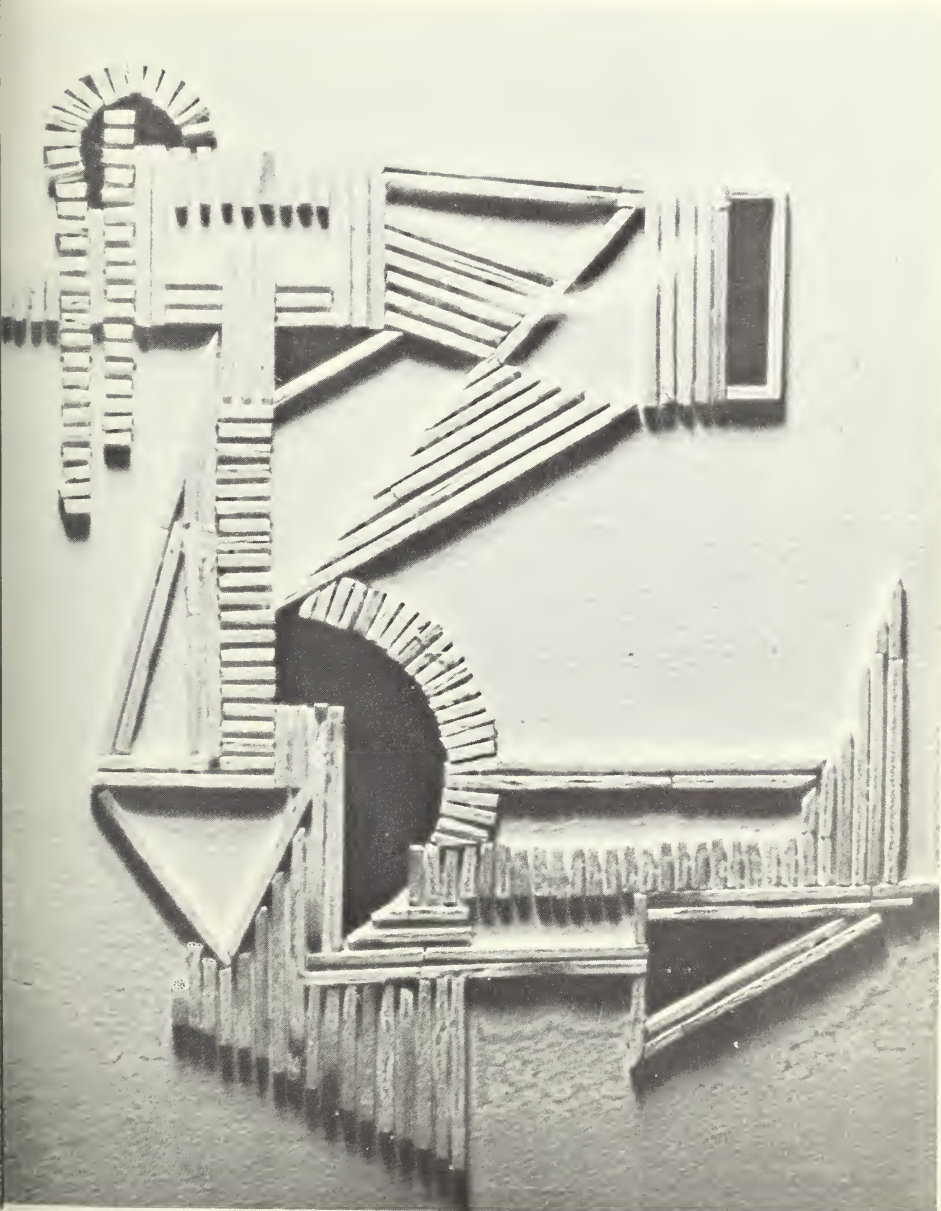
- Marie Mirliani
12/117

"Man's Body" by Marie Mirliani

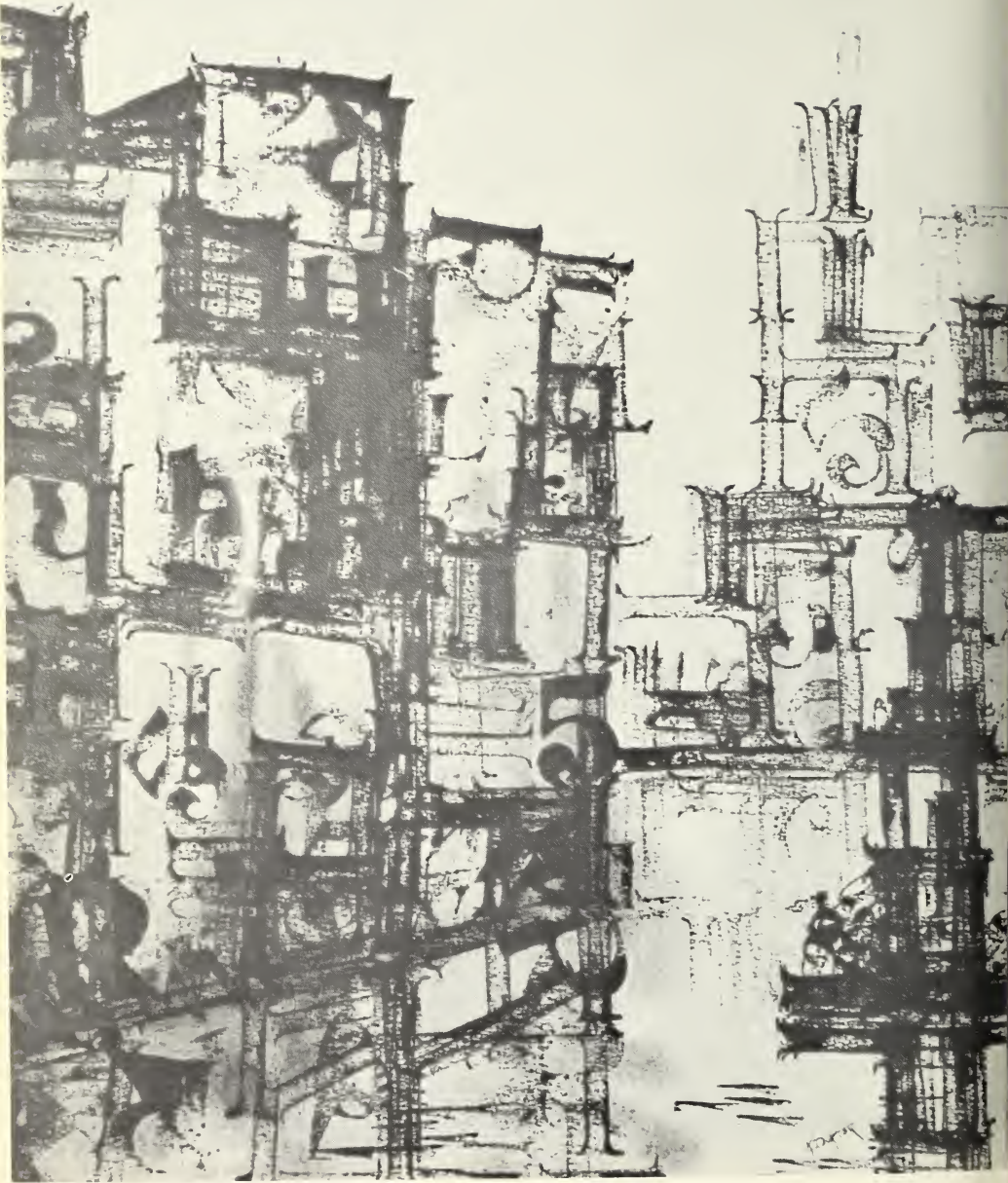
Drawing



Model for a Sculpture by *Robert Jarvis*

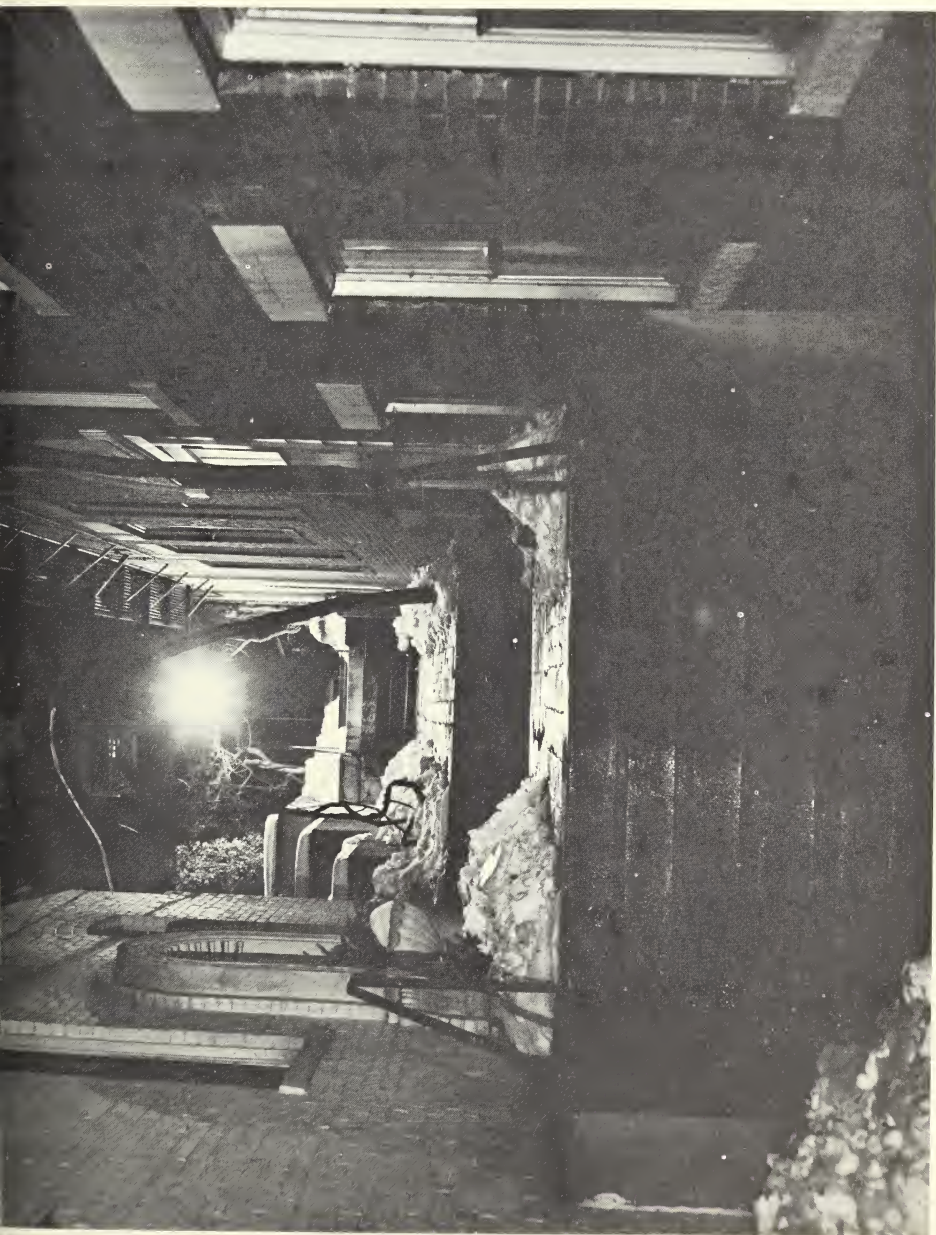


"Design with Wood" by Katherine Doktor



'Design' by Katherine Doktor

Water Co.



"Primus Ave" by Don Crasco

Photograph



Photograph

"Abstract in Concrete" by Don Crasco

STEVE ORLEN

ENDLICH ENDLICH

Not yet destroyed
the old bombast
is noisy today
rotting in the white sun
in a wrinkled suit of skin
smelling of piss and ammonia.

Not yet destroyed
yet so old
in the back yard
blinking
he cannot fix his glaze
on his own hollow way.

Not yet destroyed
cloying out certain blue
serge corners of his mind
malodorous in a shut closet
smelling fusty and rusty
he cannot remember that

he's so scared
groping still
for his wife's still-dead
withered arm
the freckles long since
turned to dust

fingering a great gold watch
on fob beating time
on a wrist bleached
by time
knowing time
more regular than his pulse

AS BARREN AS HIS EYES WERE BROWN

They hung him last night
the bastard
just when the sun went black.
They hung him last night
his son
his eyes shining
like a bell shines his feet
kicking like a child kicks his gods
petulantly across a room his room.

A love in hate a pity,
grew from his mimosaed breast
his chest
brown like his was brown
swelled with a black pride
that his son
hanging limp and swaying
and hung from evening
from a dark-limbed tree
a portraiture of black—
the bastard his son.



Sandy Graham

DAY LILIES

Topping the long green stems
drooping by their own weight
but gay open-mouthed orange
by the side of a road

The day lilies
in groups of four and five
the generals' wives
beckon to passers-by

To come and sit
or say to stretch a bit
hospitable always
the day lilies

Top the green stems.

TANKA*

Six cocky sparrows
white-throated chirp in a pine
cone tree, and a bird
who has no name is silent
still, flies on to higher things.

*The Tanka, a Japanese form, is a 32-syllable poem, the first and third lines having five, and the second, fourth and fifth having seven syllables.

STOLEN NIGHT

"Thank you for the stolen night
and thank you for you
John Jones,"
she said,
 and the shadows played funny on her face
 and her always crying, never crying eyes
 and her belly in the moon-wrinkled night.

We had made a journey to the city,
alone this time.
"That's seven cars Let's count them,"
she giggled,
she had never thumbled much before.

"Let's go in Ye Olde Books Store,"
she said,
 and the scholar with the black elbow patches
 and her hair smelled so pretty, warm down pretty
 in the musty of the stacks.

"Gimme please twenny-five cents,"
she asked,
 for cheap prints in the shivering
 hands-in-my-pockets night
 and the little shy dog she thought was a cat
 and we never did get to the art museum.

And I hopefully took her arm
and I hopefully held her soft
warm brown, sun brown hand,
 and the strange piece of twig
 on the moon-lit cobbles
 that looked like a man with his arms
 wrapped around nothing.

She smiled, bent her head to the low
and walked away.

“But the shadow! I got your shadow!”

I yelled.

“Nosir you missed!”

I stepped again, and the shadows merged,
and the leaves rained in dusty brown
crusty old pile
and the moon's ever so silence
and the blackness,
and our silence.

PENNY CANDY

I have a penchant for penny candy
and orange-turbaned ice-cream cones,
for youth for the taste of sweat in my eyes,
blue eyes, and snot on my lip,
for youth and a fear of the taste of dry dust
and ghosts in the cellar,
for youth for crystal finger swirls
on the frost of a window pane,
for youth for the smell of soft tar
for the squish of soft bugs hard and crackling
on the white hot streets of the city for youth.

I WAS TOLD OF BEAUTY

Out of my mother's belly
here in the actual world
I was told of beauty.

Involved in the sound of birth
opening an ice-locked spring
saw beauty in the fawn
ran light-legged brown
spawned wonder at the grace.

In a mute summer
with the drum of heat in my ears
came beauty in the pig
sat squash-down fat in a mud
brought a sickness in my nose.

Among the curl of cotton dry leaves
no more than dropping
was a beauty in an autumn apple
hung by the branch weighed down
felt the precise moment in the curve.

While the crowds gather
still gushing black in my ears
was beauty in a gutter
flowed choked-up slime
to the ocean

where they said ran all beauty.

And so it was
when the rain walked upon my head
and my throat was dry as husk
beauty in my love
got swallowed in my spit
ran god knows where.

DAVE HARACZ

THE KING

The king will pass by here today;
 Already they've nailed the shutters
 Across a thousand windows overhead.
 They arrested little crippled John
 (Who still can win a billiards game
 Though short and twisted at seventy-three),
 For he's been known to say aloud
 The king's not half the man
 That John would have him be.

The king will pass by here today;
 Gloria will hear the trumpets from the jail.
 They say she's not the type for kings to spy
 In passing through.
 They washed the streets at five,
 And sunrise found them scrubbing
 Chalk words from the side
 Of Pop's tobacco store.

The king will pass by here today;
 They're passing out the flags:
 White for national purity,
 Red for the courage of our king.
 Stick-glued paper's all they are,
 But strong enough for one parade.

The king will pass by here today:
 The radio says seven in ten for rain,
 And nothing they can do about it.

BOY, HORSE, STAR

It cannot be so very far
From where you sit to where I stand;
The red-paint handles on your horse's mane
Mark the wear of my earlier hand.
Today, astride your wooden beast,
Your imagination takes you far
Beyond this clown-papered room
Toward some bright new star
Whose light I've lost
Since leaving your place for mine.
Go . . . rock, revel, ride . . . this world is yours
For all the little time your star will shine.

SUMMER STORM

Suddenly,
In white-heat summer skies,
Stride black giants from the west,
Thunder runners treading heavily
Over leaves curled in mute submission.
The flowers know to nod before the rising gusts,
And in giving so receive,
But my roof beams quake,
Straining rigid before the blast
Of brass-kneed banshees clawing at the shingles.

NO TITLE

They said it was over Jews,
Living space and land, debts,
More than one generation can ever
Neatly catalog and file.

They packed all but their hearts,
Said a tentative farewell,
And going over jostled for the sun-patch
That crept across the deck each forenoon.
Greater questions were left unasked
Or made light of over sounds of dice
Deciding lesser fates on deck steel.

Some had never settled whether it was
Yet a pull to land or still a push away
Before they donned mottled greens
And waist-wet before the dawn was full,
Began their sometimes forward move.

But in that great reversal of man's custom,
It was those performing best
Were swallowed by obscurity.
The others, these,
Beneath the cloth they had sailed under,
Returned careless of the sun.

THERE'S A CRICKET IN OUR ELEVATOR SHAFT

There's a cricket in our elevator shaft;
All day long,
The elevator goes
Up and down,
And he's quiet.

But at night,
When we're not running
Up and down,
He chirps.

The rest of his family
Is under the snow outside.
At night,
There's just the sound of wind out there;
But it's warm in our elevator shaft
And he chirps.

JANET WHELAN

INHERITANCE

He's dead, little man;
All he left for you
Is a tombstone to climb on.
From its summit
You can see no more
Than you can from the ground.

PUZZLE

It's said that with the passing
Of years a wife begins to look
Like her husband.
I wonder if I'd like
to look like you.

MICHAEL HALEY

LOST

There no birds fly away and
the warm sun breaks the azure
I used to walk this landless land
on shimmering paths,
well-worn in the origin
of my soul.

this is the path
it is infinite

A tear is a chasm of liquid eternity
that runs and hides in the echo of emptiness
that is reflected from my soul.

this was not my land
it was lonely

A meadowlark perches
on a branch and proclaims:
*Invader! This is not
possible! No one dares enter
the deep land of loneliness
but I!*

the lark does not lie
someone has come

D. B. AXELROD

KILDARE WHERE ARE YOU

Most interesting case
clichéd M.D. was jibbering
the wound gaping gore before him
he fingered the swollen edges
most interesting
case he said again the
clearing-throat M.D.
and then it died
and a nurse removed the tubes.

IMAGE OF LOVE

I grow with her—
Her spirit fills me;
Brings me to stand, unabashedly,
sensitive to the world.
I pulse to fullness
In her presence;
Feel my worth through her.
She gives me life.

THROUGH CERTAIN HALF-DESERTED STREETS

Many men walk into night's
Cold rains and shadowed frights
To try and let their minds go blank
With the darkness, to shift through dank
Decaying leaves in gutters,
And pass through filtered light from shutters.
But the walk can not pacify them,
Nor make their conflict stem
From any less a cause.
There, in darkness, they pause,
Wishing themselves within the well-lit houses,
Their loneliness unending.

CHARLES DEAN

HAIKU

Old age is a man
in a dusky, dusty coat
walking a stone street.

They stand and speak of
gods they worshipped in their youth—
Plato, Jesus, Mom.

Rusty nails pin my
arms to the cross—and me not
having tetanus shots.

MARK CHEREN

TO GO FOR A WALK

playing with sand trees
singing out of hollow throats of rock . . .
sovereign stones lay on the wall steep ridge
making fortunes out of self in the mist
silver gray through the time dimmed flowing air . . .
dry leaves play in the never wind, stiffened butterflies
covered with the weight of morning dew.

DONALD CARR

NOT NOMAD, BUT PASSIVE

We wait unarmed, like fools;
While mangy old bumblebees
Hang from chrysanthymums,
Doling out this year's last ounce.
Loneliness wears a coat too thin
And is often seen huddled
Or scrambling through dingy tired evenings.
The warlord's horde will not wait long
Beyond November's hills; the van
Was sprawled on the grass this morning.
We'll love a bit this afternoon, then
Those scapegrace winds will blow all night.

FOUR O'CLOCK

He slashes air with perjured hooves,
This antelope just grounded.
His shoulder cuts the tawny earth
A log bound net contrived this blight.

Tensely warm and growing sober
Under blankets pulled up tight,
Won't it be long and longer yet
With nights wide-eyed
And twittering stillness?
The grey arc lamps pour cotton complaints
Through the draperies, threadbare promise
Of morning with a high white sky.
Else — where strut the squads of pigeons
Who'll beat plump bodies up into flight?

JAMES CORTESE

EXISTENCE PRECEDING

*Only afterward will he be something,
and he himself will have made what
he will be.* —Sartre

Between the exploding morning sky
And a vast sea-crust of snow,
Poised on a rise that hung over
Like the hooked tip of spume,
I saw the horizon revolve about me
And time fall away into the orange sun.

But there on the faultless expanse
Two frantic wings, impelled
By the rushing of blood and whistling
Of lungs, beat the indifferent snow.
The drum-beat of a heart fills my ears:
I race down onto the shelf
And into the sun's half face
To find the horizon leaping away from time
And time an infinitesimal speck
On an endless field of snow.

JEAN ESSER

HYMN

a ring of black people
around a white corpse

sing, ring around the rosie

black people dancing
around a white corpse

sing, ring around the rosie

bleeding and crying
black people are singing

sing, ring around the rosie

contorted and ugly
the white god is lying

sing, pocket full of ashes

in the dirt carving
a place for his body

sing, pocket full of ashes

the white god is dead
the black people sing
all

fall

down

RAY HILL

TO KILL A WHITE DEER

Johnny Frost whistled thinly through his teeth as he walked down the lonely woods road to his Uncle Eddie's place. A short carbine hung barrel down from his right hand, swinging with jaunty ease at each step. Although it had become much colder since the sun had set, he didn't bother to button his Mackinaw. Like the rifle, the jacket really belonged to his father, but Johnny felt he'd just about grown into it.

Dark, rolling clouds erased the stars and the low hunter's moon hid behind a ridge of pines. The woods along the road were quick with shadows and whispering night-sounds. Somewhere in the treetops an owl hooted, and Johnny hooted back; no answer came. Something scratched and rustled in the woods beside him, and he gripped his rifle tighter, walking a little faster. He heard the wind start blowing far down the road behind him, sweeping through the trees and rippling leaves that hadn't fallen. It bore down on the farmhouse he'd just left, banging shutters, and flooded over him like a great wave.

He felt relieved when he finally saw the lights in Uncle Eddie's cabin. It crouched on a low hill some distance from the road, dwarfed by tall pines. Johnny wished that he could stay longer than two days; he enjoyed these visits, especially during hunting season. Uncle Eddie was really Johnny's great-uncle; next spring he'd be seventy-one. Pretty soon he wouldn't be able to do much hunting. Still, listening to the old man tell a tale was almost as much fun as hunting. He tried to give Johnny some of the experi-

ence he'd picked up during his lifetime in the woods, and the boy was eager to learn. Johnny had faith in whatever the old man told him.

Uncle Eddie answered Johnny's knock just as the kitchen clock struck seven. "Why, hello, Johnny!" he said. "Come on in, boy. I didn't expect you till tomorrow."

"Hello," said Johnny, stepping into the warm kitchen. "I managed to come up a day early. Still have to go back on Friday, though." He stood the rifle in a corner and draped his heavy coat over the back of a chair. "I got up here about two this afternoon, but nobody was home, so I walked up to Russell's. Thought you might be there."

"No, after dinner I took the .44 and walked up to Pease's orchard. Didn't see a thing. You got out huntin' this afternoon?"

"Yeah," said Johnny, "when I saw that you weren't home, I went down in back of Russell's cornfield."

"See anythin'?"

"I saw Charley Russell—we walked to the tracks together, then split up and met back at his place. I stayed for supper."

The old man thought for a moment. "Say," he said, "when I got back—must've been about four-thirty—I heard a shot from somewhere near the tracks. Rifle. Must've been near you fellers."

"Yeah, I heard it too," Johnny said.

Uncle Eddie fed the black-and-nickel stove a couple sticks of pine and set a pot of coffee over the heat. He'd just finished cleaning his old rifle when Johnny came. It hung on a nail beside the door; Winchester .44-40, from half a dozen old guns, but they worked well together. The old man found it easy to carry and quick to swing up to his shoulder. It was pretty much worn all over, but he knew just how to work the lever so the shells wouldn't jam and just where to hold the sights to put a bullet where he wanted it. He hoped the boy would use it when he was gone, even though it was old and didn't have the power of newer rifles.

Johnny drew a chair up to the stove and pulled his hunting boots off. He set his thick woolen stockings against the cooler end of the stove and cocked his chair backwards, just as Uncle Eddie had done. He had something important to tell the old man, but he wanted to wait until the time was right.

Johnny opened the conversation. "Say," he said, "did you ever see an albino deer?"

The old man chuckled. "I guess Russell's been tellin' you 'bout that deer of his. Claims he been seein' it all fall."

"Don't you believe him?" Johnny asked.

"Well, it seems that Russell's the only one able to see it. You know, there ain't too many albino deer."

"Did you ever see one, Uncle Eddie?"

"I seen three of 'em," he said, leaning back further in his chair. He pulled his pipe out of a pocket and began to fill it, a sure sign that he was about to spin another yarn.

"Back when we start workin' on the Blackwater Dam" he began, "I had two fellers in my crew—brothers. I'd known Stanley pretty near all his life; he lived with his father close to my place. The first time I saw Harvey, though, was that summer when he come up to work on the dam. Been livin' in some city with his mother. Now Stanley was a hunter, been shootin' deer since he was twelve years old, but Harvey never had fired a gun in his life. Harv was roomin' at a farm near to town, so sometimes I'd drive him home from work. Now an' then he'd come over to my place and I'd teach him how to shoot this old .32-20 I kept in the barn. Well, when he got to be a pretty good shot with that gun, I let him take it home.

"Then fall come. Harv'd been shootin' rabbit and pa'tridge with that gun, but he start wantin' to shoot a deer. He'd keep askin' me to take him out jackin', take him out jackin', but I said to wait till season opened. Well, the more he waited, the more he wanted to get a deer. He'd keep tellin' us to wait an' see the buck he got that fall. Boy, it'd be a good one! I believe he'd 'a' shot his own grandmother if she was a deer.

"Openin' day, the boss sent Stanley down to the state house with some papers. That night, Harv come over, right after supper, with the .32-20 and a brand-new three-cell light. He wanted to go out jackin'. Well, we rode out to a field where he'd spotted some tracks and hid the car in the woods across the road. I didn't turn the light on till we were halfway across the field, and right away we picked up a pair of shiny green eyes just outside the woods. 'Oh, boy!' he says, 'Can I shoot, Mr. Frost?' 'Sure,' I said, and we start sneakin' up closer. The wind was right and the deer just kept lookin' straight at us, with them eyes gettin' bigger an' brighter all the time. When we were 'bout six rods away, I stopped and Harvey dropped down on one knee. 'Take your time,' I said, 'and hold a little low.' He fired, and them two green lights went out.

"The deer dropped right where it'd been standin'. It was easy to find—an albino doe, 'bout ninety pounds, and white as them rabbits you shot last winter. Harv was all excited and was going to have it stuffed and mounted—till I told him what it'd cost. We took it back to my barn and I dressed it out for him to keep the skin from gettin' spoilt. I took a hind quarter; he wanted the skin most of all.

"When Stanley come back, the first thing Harv done was to show him that white skin. Now Stanley, he'd shot deer every fall—the year before he'd got a buck that weighed two hundred twenty pounds—but he'd never shot a white deer. So Harv start ridin' him 'bout it, sayin' he weren't much

of a hunter 'less he'd shot a white deer. We all knew it was just plain luck, but Harvey sure thought he was somethin', shootin' that deer.

"The next day, Stanley told the boss he was takin' a few days off to go huntin'. The boss wasn't too pleased, but we didn't think much of it. He'd take a week or so off every fall. The rifle he used was a 93 Model Marlin—.38-55 High Power.

"Pretty near two weeks later he come back, all dirt an' whiskers, with a white spikehorn buck that weighed 'bout a hundred thirty pounds. Shot it right in the butt of the ear. Well, we all asked him how he got it, but he wouldn't say a thing—just laughed and drove away. When he come to work the next day, he still wouldn't say. Harvey didn't say much either; he knew he'd been showed up.

"That night, Stanley come over after supper and told me what had happened. Said when he was comin' back from the capitol, he stopped to spend the night at his cousin's place in Milford. His cousin ran a little store there and was just closin' up when Stan come. Before they could lock the door, an old Indian walked up, wantin' to sell his shotgun. Claimed he'd been followin' a buck's track when all of a sudden this albino stepped out in front of him. Must've thought it was a spook or somethin', 'cause he wouldn't go back in the woods for anythin'. His huntin' days was over.

"Well, Stanley laughed and didn't think no more about it. We all knew it was supposed to be bad luck to kill a white deer, but hardly anyone believed it. When Stanley saw his brother's deer, he start thinkin'. Figured it'd be a nice trick if he could find that other albino. So he drove back down to Milford, almost two hundred miles, and got ahold of that old Indian. He found out where that buck was supposed to be and took to the woods. Now, I told you he was a hunter; he didn't come out till he had that deer over his shoulders.

"When the snow come that fall, work stopped and Harv moved up to live with Stanley and the old man. He was gettin' to know his way around the woods pretty well, so I let him keep the old .32-20 he'd been usin'. One mornin', when there was a light snow fallin', Harvey said he was goin' out huntin' for a couple hours. By lunchtime, it was snowin' pretty hard and Harvey wasn't back yet, so Stanley come got me and we start lookin' for him. The new snow covered up his tracks—we had to guess where he might've gone. Stanley brought along his rifle and fired it now an' then for a signal.

"We walked and walked, but we couldn't find a sign of Harvey. When it start gettin' dark, we had to turn back. Stan was kinda worried. We were crossin' the ice on the Blackwater, him fifty yards downstream of me, when he fired the rifle again. I turned my head toward him, but he'd disappeared. I run down till I saw his tracks in the snow, then dropped on my belly and

crawled up to the hole in the ice. He must've been standin' on a soft spot when he fired. I waited for fifteen-twenty minutes, but I didn't expect he'd be comin' up.

"I went back to the old man's and the first thing he asked was, 'Where's Stanley?' I told him what'd happened and he just kept sittin' there. 'Then you won't find Harvey either,' he said. 'It's them albino deer.' That was all he said."

The coffee-pot was dancing on the stove, so Eddie broke off and poured two cups of strong black coffee. Outside, an angry wind was howling through the trees. It sucked at the chimney and flames fluttered up the stovepipe. Johnny felt a chill run up his back and shifted his chair. He took his coffee black; anywhere else he would have added milk and sugar.

He looked apprehensively at the old man. "You don't really believe that, do you Uncle Eddie?" he asked.

"Well, you know what I think about superstitions—show me one and I'll cross it out of spite—and I guess that was just another one. But I'll tell you right now that I won't shoot at a white deer. Just wait a minute, you haven't heard the rest of the story.

"They never did find Harvey and when the ice cleared, they couldn't find Stan either. The old man soaked them white skins with kerosene and lit them in the burnin' barrel. And the next fall we finished the dam.

"'Bout ten or twelve years later we were livin' in Costigan. It was in the middle of the Depression and you couldn't even buy a job. I had some vegetables out, but nothin' for meat except a few chickens, and I wanted to keep them as long as I could for eggs. There was a field behind the house 'bout five acres, where deer come to eat clover. I shot two deer there late that summer, but by the time season opened, that was gettin' kinda low. So I picked up my rifle one mornin' and went out to get a little meat.

"Three or four miles from my place, there was a little stream that crossed the road. I never hunted there before, but I figured it was as good a place as any, so I start followin' it upstream. Well, I didn't want to get too far into the woods—have to take a deer out if you shoot it—so after about an hour I start thinkin' of turnin' around. Then I saw a fork in the stream up ahead; the south branch seemed to run from a steep hill. I figured that I could get my bearin's from the top of that hill and then head straight toward my own back field. I followed the branch for about ten minutes and was comin' to the bottom of the hill when I heard a swishin' in the water up ahead. So I sneaked up close, awful slow an' easy, and looked through a clump of bushes. A spring gushed out of a split rock in the hillside, makin' that swishin' noise, and a full-grown buck was standin' there, drinkin' water. His coat was as white as a dead man's face.

"Now, I don't believe I ever see a more beautiful animal. He had an

eight-point rack, kinda slim an' graceful, and his coat was just as slick an' clean—the only thing I didn't like about him was his eyes. They was kind of a bloody red.

"For a minute I wondered if I ought to shoot, but we needed meat, so I figured I had to. I cocked the old .44 with my finger on the trigger so the hammer wouldn't click and aimed just behind his forward shoulder—he wasn't more than three-four rods away. But Johnny, I just couldn't squeeze that trigger. I tried so hard the whole gun shook, but it wouldn't fire. Finally, he looked straight toward me with those red eyes and just walked off into the woods. I never see an albino deer again.

"Now I ain't goin' to come right out and say it—that shootin' a white deer will bring you bad luck—but I've never been sorry 'bout not shootin' that one. I wouldn't try it again, either. Matter of fact, Russell come over just the other day, tryin' to get me after that deer he been seein'. I told him I was too busy. Still ain't so sure he did see a white deer 'round here."

"He did," said Johnny. "I—I shot it this afternoon. It's hanging in Russell's barn now—I thought I'd save it for a surprise."



Sandy Graham

HAL STOWELL

FIELDS

By Hal Stowell

The wild Concords have fallen.
The old roan pounds the dry earth,
Tugging a paintless old rake,
Piling up the last of the hay.

The ghostly whetting of a scythe
Speaks from a shady far corner,
The rattling swath of the mower,
The sound of the little harmonica girl.

My ear yields to these forgotten sounds
So that out of the loneliness
It might fashion a lullaby.
None comes.

I have no claim to adventurous thoughts.
A distant crow chides my blackness.
Wild birds have downwind abandoned
The best of their flights.
Even the sun forecloses.

Summer is all too quick
And all too gone.
I have come to this field too late
And I'm sure I have stayed too long.

JUDITH KROLL*

THE BRIDE'S SONG

What role is left for me to play
 When this night steals the lie of nights?
 No girl remains for me to be
 But one that sweats between the sheets
 Longing for lost heraldry.

I lose more than virginity
 I lose more than a spot of blood;
 I lose that medieval cry
 Of secret joy; sacrifice food
 And robes of regency.

All dreams die on the wedding day
 All dreams drown in wedding wines
 The wedding night chases the dream away;
I would forsake my homegrey gowns
And live a white impossibility!

GENIUS

may be water which will find
 Home in fantastic fountain,
 Solemn well,
 In brown rainbarrels, unlyrical,
 Or the lyric ocean's swell,

could be water, unrecognizable,
 Steaming from a hot brick slab,
 No trace
 Of what makes winter's dazzling show
 Or courses down a young girl's face,

Genius: is a wound of elemental
 Water, whose soldier hymns
 "I nowhere find
 An art absorbant for my wound
 To be the icon of my mind."

*In an "editors'" exchange of poetry, *Caesura* editors Deidre Haley and Steve Orlen exchanged poems with Judith Kroll, editor of *Greecourt Review* at Smith College. The following poems are Miss Kroll's contribution.

BALLAD OF A LARGE, SAD WOMAN

A caricature woman, aging and heavy,
 Sang in the subway (it's true).
 Singing to no one
 Only to have it done,
Prostitute, prostitute,

She's a goddamn prostitute,
 That was her song
 (This is true), sang to no one:
Why couldn't she leave my husband alone?
I never did nothing, I never did wrong.

Every stop of the train
 Was fuel for her song;
 Wheels started, she'd wane,
Prosteetoot, prosteetoot, Christ how I hate her
And someday I'll get her.

Jimmy and Timmy and Johnny O'Reilly:
Whore slept with them all
 (She said this; it's true)
 And for a refrain she'd vary the tune.
Sweet Rosie O'Grady she sang

And she sang, saying *Prosteetoot*
Prosteetoot, sang to my husband
And she witched my man.
Why was it me? I did nothing wrong:
Went to church, made my money,

Gave it all to my man.
Goddamn damn whore, she sang
 Til I got off the train
 And she sang on, I'm sure,
 Til the end of the line

Though no one was listening
 (*That whore, she's a whore*),
 Looking at no one til no one was there
 Until daylight she wailed, and still wasn't through.
 (I swear this is true).

IT WAS A HEALTHY YEAR . . .

It was a healthy year
For a boy, no denying it,
When abundance of sun and a field to play
Made constant wonderment.

Impossible to tire
Of small close animals, a friend
With whom to wind the southwest trail,
And a mother who does not mind.

Health was the word, and that was the cry,
But he said only, *Wonder's untiring*;
The world won't make me sad and lonely,
And loved a genuine thing.

Of course we knew from the start of these lines
That field and sun would go out;
Animals grow wise, the mother yields
To worry: *You can't do that*.

We know it all. Why tell, then,
Of a boy or a girl, a friend or a time
In fields or in joy?
Because we remember, we tell it in rhyme.

For those with no fear, who cannot know losing
When changes occur so slowly that nothing
Is lost them. We are the losers, only,
Mourning a genuine thing.

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WE ARE CONQUERING

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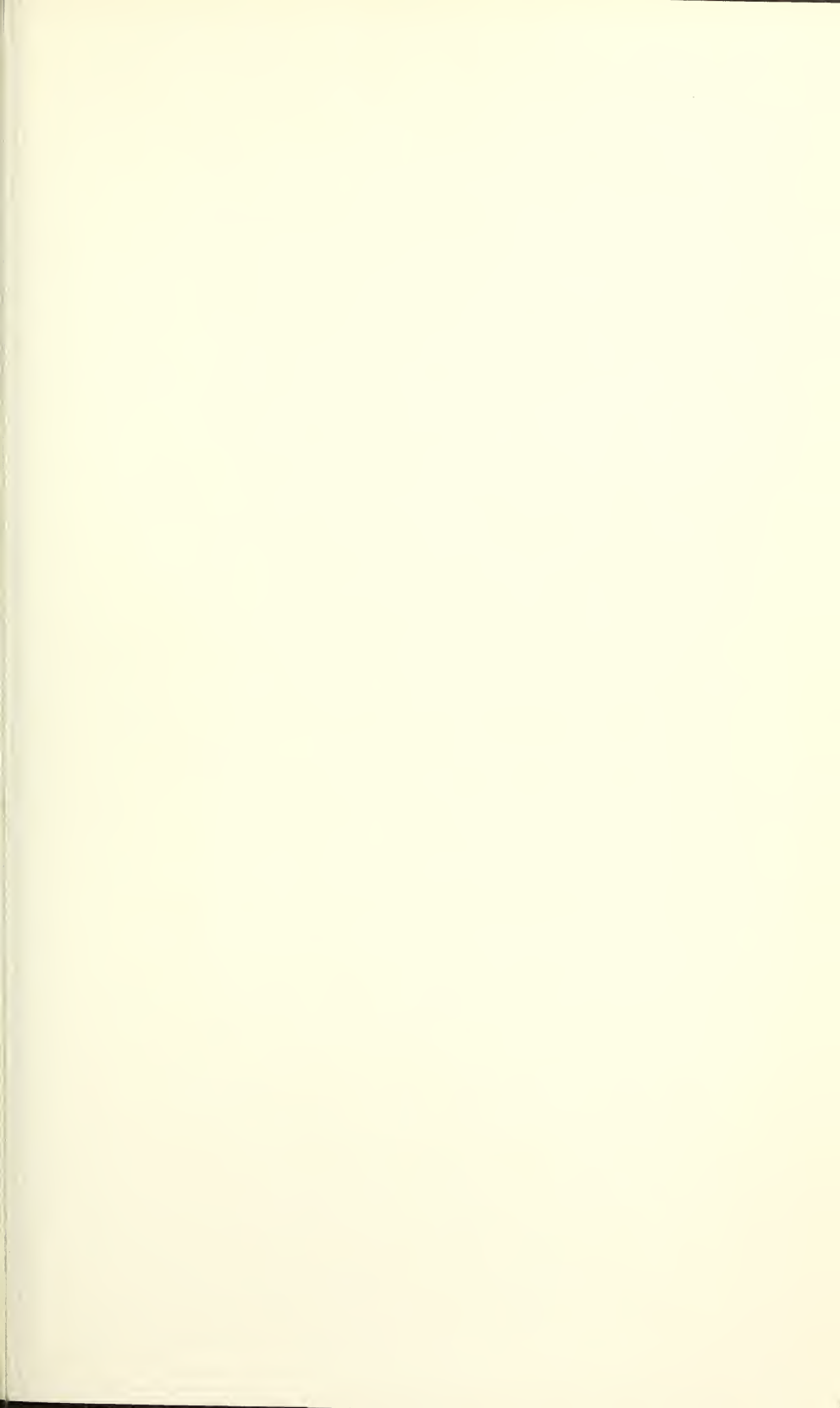
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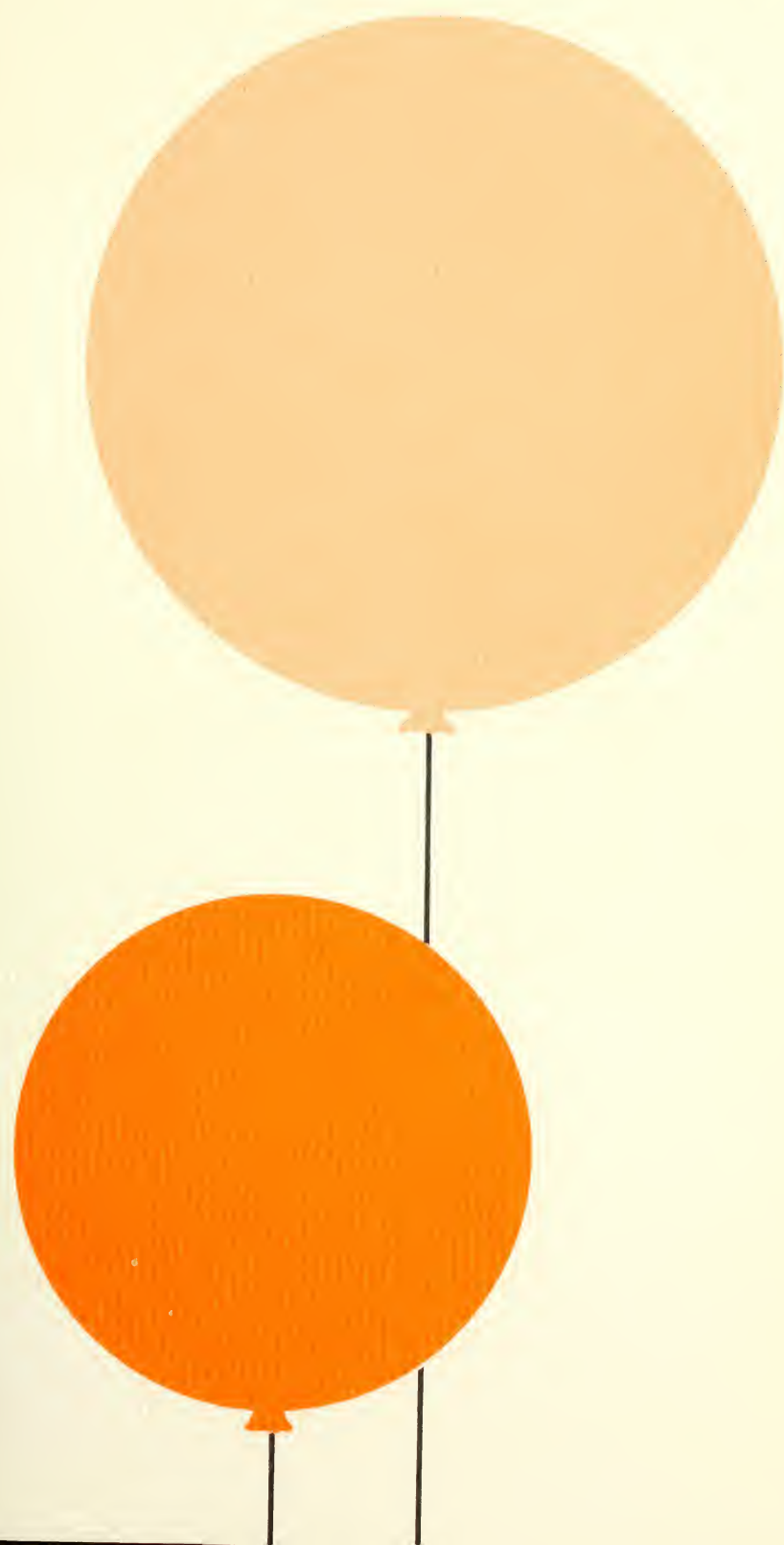
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in this issue

art by
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grigalonis
stoddard
mirliani
gavin
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henriques
graham
jarvis
little-
field

prose by
marcus, hench,
hill. poetry by arnold,
tracy, d. haley, meeker, thomp-
son, orlen, haracz, whelan, m. haley,
axelrod, dean, cheren, carr, cortese, esser,
stowell, kroll.





CAESURA

COMMENCEMENT 1964

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS



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The Literary Magazine
Of The University Of Massachusetts

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VOLUME TWENTY-SEVEN, NUMBER THREE



THE NEW STAFF 1964-1965

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

FICTION

Marcia Elasowich	<i>The Blind Son</i>	9
John Poignand	<i>Army Shorts</i>	22
Norman Trump	<i>The Field Trip</i>	52

POETRY

James Cortese	<i>Out of the Succession of Days</i>	13
	<i>April is the Cruellest Month</i>	14
	<i>To Know the Night</i>	15
	<i>Portrait of a Lady</i>	16
David Axelrod	<i>An Equality of Parts</i>	17
	<i>Writing Old (To Stephen Spender, March, 1964)</i>	17
William Arnold	<i>spin! you spinners</i>	18
	<i>On the Beaches of the World</i>	19
	<i>Into the Night Life</i>	19
	<i>eh! fanny hill</i>	20
	<i>Potiphar the Lady and Joseph the Dreamer</i>	20
	<i>Portrait of Dylan Thomas</i>	21
Steve Orlen	<i>The Lord of Blood</i>	35
	<i>A Lyric for Death</i>	35
	<i>The Birthing</i>	36
	<i>After the Beating of the Broom</i>	37
	<i>Once Knew a Man</i>	38
	<i>Sonnet: Andante non Troppo</i>	38
Marilyn Mohl	<i>First Season</i>	39
	<i>Lot's Daughter</i>	40
	<i>Magister</i>	42
	<i>Untitled</i>	43

Table of Contents (continued)

Roger Lomas	<i>To the President's Council on Physical Fitness</i>	43
Jody Norton	<i>The Home Town Boy Makes Good</i>	44
	<i>Equality</i>	44
	<i>The Flight of Eros</i>	44
Dave Haracz	<i>Spring Odyssey</i>	49
	<i>St. Francis of the Sands</i>	50
	<i>The Waiting Game</i>	50
	<i>After</i>	50
Dick Littlefield	<i>The Coming</i>	51
	<i>Brief Visitor</i>	51

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Coverpiece by Deidre Haley and Maida Hurwitz

MARCIA ANN ELASOWICH

THE BLIND SON

The hallway had a stale odor.

"Ma, Mrs. Blum's cat pissed in the hall again—all over the place."

"Irving, get in here and put your shirt on, we have to leave in ten minutes. Did ya throw the garbage out?"

Irving entered from the hallway. He was bare chested and brown "like a nigger" as he liked to say. His khaki bermudas, handed down from big brother Allen were hitched up by a bejewelled brown belt. His feet were encased in a pair of ankle high basketball sneakers whose tongues were lopsided. The fat round his middle jumped as he trudged into the kitchen. It was hard to believe he was only seven.

"I threw it down over the railing. Most of it made the barrel."

"For God's sake get into a pair of long pants."

"Don't have none. Ya didn't wash 'em out for me. How come I have to go and Gerry and Allen don't?"

Esther ran her hand through her frazzled hair. She was obese but she blamed it on the bagels Lem brought home from the factory every night. She was wondering why they had to go on this particular Saturday. It was so hot. She'd planned to send the boys off to the matinee and then go sleep in the park on the hill to the north. But the director of the home had called last night and said that he'd made a special visiting day for them—to show them the progress Martin was making.

Progress ha—how much progress could somethin' like that make. Can't even tie his shoes and he's ten. Blind like he never had eyes. It's just as good they took him away. Blind and with that awful club foot; he'd never fit in. The social worker said I wasn't a good mother. Just like to see *her* take care of somethin' like him for ten years. Then he had rheumatic fever when he was seven and a bad kidney when he was almost nine—in the City Hospital almost two years straight. See her take care of him. Good they took him away to the State Home for Blind Children.

Never be any good—blind and with that damn foot.

The social worker had started coming around after the neighbors reported Martin constantly wandering around on the street bumping into barrels and tripping over curbstones. And Mrs. Abijian had sworn she overheard Irving telling Uncle Seymour that they tied Martin to a bed when they went out. But that was just hearsay.

Esther's husband, Lem came into the flat in a skinny-strapped undershirt with a hole under the left armpit.

"Just finished checking the car out. She'll make the trip. Thirty-five miles should take an hour. This better be worth it. Took the day off from work—overtime, ya can't get that everyday."

"We have to wait for Seymour," Esther announced. "My brother's coming and don't make a stink about it. Let's go down and wait."

They piled into the huge wood panelled tation wagon. Irving clambered into the third row and left the second entirely empty for Seymour. Now he could lean over the seat and tell Seymour all the "goings on". Irving thought his uncle was "cool". On Saturday nights, his uncle would put grease on his kinky hair, and go down to Mickey's Bar and drink and talk to the girls. Irving would follow him and wait for him to come out for a breath of air. If Seymour didn't emerge by nine-thirty, Irving would yell, "Seymour come out, come out", in his high raspy voice. Usually his uncle was with Cherry. Irving was proud of that match. After all he'd arranged it. . . . pushed Seymour into her right in Blinderman's Super Market in the canned goods row (and stolen a can of Elberta peaches too). Sometimes they'd take Irving to the movies. He'd look over every five minutes to make sure they were holding hands or kissing. If there was one thing Irving liked it was a hot-lipped romance.

"Ma, ya gut a cookie for me?" Irving asked hanging over the seat. "Didja know Seymour kisses all the girls? Kiss, Kiss, Kiss." He giggled and leaned over towards Seymour, "D'ja kiss 'er, D'ja kiss 'er?" Seymour chuckled an winked enjoying the camaradie with his nephew.

"Ma, how long will it take to get there?"

"About an hour. Now sit back in your seat before I smack ya one."

"I bet they keep him locked up—like a real monkey in the zoo. He can't do anything anyway. Can he Seymour—huh Seymour—That's what everyone says."

His uncle grunted.

The countryside tingling with life tumbled by. The shabby dwellings were long out of sight and the white lines of the city's highway had given way to narrow unseparated country roads crossed occasionally by wooden

bridges with warnings of not more than five tons posted just before them.

Irving leaned over the seat again, now balancing his belly over the seat so that his feet were pressed against the back window.

"Dad, when we come home tonight can we go to the Amusement Park? We missed our regular night last night. Davy up the street went and he won a black furry dog . . . for only a nickle."

Fridays were paydays and Lem was always generous with his money. On Friday nights they would mill on the boardwalk and mingle with the masses. Paid their fifteen cents for a custard, wrapped napkins around limp cones, and then threw the soggy shredded remaining bits onto the well-littered walk where they were crushed by others who bought custards and hot dogs on Friday nights. They always stepped up to take their chances on a light game . . . just a nickle, a thousand nickles tossed upon a row of numbers. White light stops on seventy-five choice of the first shelf—red light is on 44 choice of the stand! And the tinny whining sound of the jumbled music piped onto the boardwalk from every barroom.

A sign came into view. State Home for Blind Children, two miles.

"Two miles straight ahead." Lem announced, "Not much further now."

"So can we go to the Amusement Park tonight?"

The Home was cloistered in a little valley whose hills protected busy farm lands, and whose earth smelled of productivity and strength. It was noon, but the glare of the sun was deflected through the leaves so that it shone through only as many faceted topazes. Occasionally breezes drifted down from above and slowly tilted the magenta flowers growing freely by the roadside that lead to the Home.

The station wagon halted. Esther walked up the six stairs to the administration building while the others stood leaning against the car.

"Don't look like much, does it?" Lem offered looking over towards the red-brick two-story dormitories. "Don't look like nothin' at all. Just plain buildings and stone pathways connecting 'em and leading all over."

Irving added, "I wouldn't want to live here. No amusement parks, nothin' to do, huh Seymour?"

Esther came out with the director who introduced himself as Dr. Crawford. He told the family that Marty was with a group of friends by the pond. He gestured in that direction, and the family set off to meet the blind son. As they approached the gathering of all-sized children surrounding a clean faced young man, Dr. Crawford motioned them to stop and listen to the children's activities. They were singing this-old-man-he-played-one-he-played-knick-knack-on-my-thumb- and were touching the various parts of the body as they were mentioned in the song. Occasionally one of the

balladiers in a fit of exuberance would somersault backwards and tumble in the thick grass. Grass wonderful to hold, to feel cool and silken.

Dr. Crawford called to Marty and the boy tilted his head. His face was shiny. He was dressed in a clean pair of jeans with rolled cuffs and a starched plaid shirt. Guided by the gentle man's voice, Marty approached and stood anticipating. Dr. Crawford explained that his relatives were here for their first visit.

Marty's face brightened, then dimmed like the sun's being covered by a cloud just when one thinks it might turn out to be a nice day after all. Lem looked quickly at the boy and then at Esther. His eyes caught the young man's smooth face, and it reminded him that he'd forgotten to shave, but it was Saturday and he remembered that he never shaved on this day. Esther looked at Marty with a passive what-do-we-do-now-glance. She was staring but not at Martin not at anything. Seymour was watching Irving scrunch a green bug that was trying to retreat into deeper grass. Dr. Crawford suggested that the boy lead his family to where he lived. Marty readily accepted the task, and began walking slowly up one of the marked stone pathways that enabled him to "see".

His foot caused him to limp badly, but it didn't matter, he was progressing. The family followed not noticing that the boy was showing the way, but remarking. . .

"Too bad about that foot. It's awful." said Seymour.

"Yuh," Lem replied. "We'll have to check the oil on the way back."

Under Marty's guidance they soon reached the dormitories. He led them to his room which he shared with another boy. It was plain; two beds, a work table, two chairs, a radio, and a sink.

Esther contemplated the windows and wondered why there were no curtains.

Marty was proud and beamed as he showed them his possessions some of which he had made in handicraft class.

Dr. Crawford then suggested a tour of the school, and told Marty he could return to his song fest.

The tour was soon over, and the family walked towards the car, led by Irving kicking up clouds of dust in the unpaved road pretending he was Superman, and seeking Seymour's approval for his mighty deeds. Seymour chuckled as usual.

Esther was walking about six paces behind the men. She looked tired, and her wedge shoes were dusty. She ran her hand through her frazzled hair. "Irving get down from that tree, we have to leave in five minutes. She opened the car door, and seated herself in the front seat as before.

JAMES CORTESE

OUT OF THE SUCCESSION OF DAYS

Like all scuffed
and tousled boys
we lived in our own dimension
carrying the nation's freight
on our tricycles
and turning back the Indians
from Pop Elys's field.

And one day the three of us
put on our play-best:
a clown, a soldier and death
and ran laughing and singing
to the old Cummings House
that hung huge and Gothic
against the tangled confusion
of unkept grounds; we thought
it to be haunted.

We entered surely, silently
into the dim foyer
then boldly faced
the dank and rancid parlor.
And there by the window
we saw her—
yellow and shriveled
cut with massive crevices
about her squirrel eyes
and formless mouth.
She turned quickly toward us
thrusting out her hairy chin
and absurdly beaked nose.
"Old Sibyl," we called out,
"What do you want?"
She rasped: I want to die.

APRIL IS THE CRUELEST MONTH

I went at morning
And we walked the neat pebbled path
Down to the elms and canopy of willows
By the baroque footbridge and quiet pond
There in the naked sunrise of Spring
And sat together.

We talked of empires and
Galaxies, the silence of ends and beginnings
And the interminable noise in between.
We posed all the eternal questions;
But *that* question gave no response
Making a folly of my indifference.

TO KNOW THE NIGHT

Whatever you are pleased to hear
 from us or say
 We will relate and listen to,
 While the wind, as now, is silent.
 —Dante

From the still warm sand we watch
 The sunset sear the edge of the world
 And glare above the steaming sea
 As round about us the evening sky
 Ruptures in an ecstasy of light
 And explodes like a cataclysm in the vague
 Grottoes of our minds. Soft hair
 Falling over the back of my hand,
 Your head near mine, trembling fingers
 Explore the rungs of your arched back:
 We had wrapped eternity in a moment
 And out of the beauty of love, perjured time.

Finally we see him—there beyond—
 Beyond the flashing crests and drowning
 Heads of rock-islands that fill
 With foam the crimson-streaked sea.
 Motionless, we wait, watching him row
 His dinghy around the bar and over the rippled
 Shallow onto the smooth slope of beach.
 The cold night-wind out of the east hastens
 Tiny gull-flecks winging into the huge
 Red sun that dissolves in a darkening sea.

The old man motions with his hand;
 And taking the coins from our mouths
 We enter his boat as the golden sky above us
 Melts away on the fringe of night.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Apologies to W.C.W.
 Your toes are ducks' beaks
 honking at the sky.
 What sky? The sky
 above the cage's pasteboard
 roof. Your knees
 are double walnuts—or
 crushed nutmeats. Ick! who
 said Mozart was a man?
 —who the hell cares. Well,
 then, since hell is on the way . . .
 The cinder smoothness
 of your thighs
 reflects a tortured smile—
 what smile?—
 the cinder crescent
 about my mouth—
 what smile?
 No smile. Ick! How
 could I know?
 Your breasts are
 Argentinian pampas,
 your face—what smile?
 what smile?
 Your body is a poem.

AN EQUALITY OF PARTS

Unlike the other cogs
Russell is a wheel
that makes the machinery go
and placing his hands about his head
he says

—This is what makes it go.

A rusted threadbare bolt
Rollo tramps the nameless streets
three pencils left unsold
and cupping his hand across his heart
he says

—This is what makes it go.

But all parts wear
and Alfred the junkman
takes his choice down to Omegaland
and raising a hammer above his head
he says

—*This* is what makes it go.

DAVID AXELROD

WRITING OLD (TO STEPHEN SPENDER, MARCH, 1964)

I know your image
as it reflects from leaves—
green, young, growing.
Now you face me
as I sit, disillusioned,
casting for your nature.

A new man grows, in time—
new mind, new body;
and in that structure
the creations of the old
are traced only in trees
of printed pages,
all growing, still,
away from the man.

WILLIAM ARNOLD

spin! you spinners

maddening age
of stainless steel:
color crazed
and churning:
your spiders always
spinning

do you not see the butterfly
bronze on swamp-moss
tapestry?

don't you sense
love
in indolent frogs,
their violins faintly
strumming?

when ashen earths
kindle,
our final life
flaking

the sea ringing bells

these last
blue flames
will spurn
their burning

On the beaches of the world

i watch these ocean waves uncurl
great rolls of aged papyrus scroll
scattering their dark mysteries
undeciphered across mute sands.

"INTO THE NIGHT LIFE"

Last night I went outside
to bring in sheets from the line,

and racing wildly with the wind
were three white horsemen chasing boar.

Beyond the barns and asparagus field
a trumpeter signaled the hunt,

sweeping a note of urgency
through night branches of the trees.

Clasping the cool and crisp white sheets
I moved through silence into the night

where wisping clouds covered the moon
and trees scraped branches against the sky.

eh! fanny hill

eh! fanny hill nestled in milken hillocks
so you fannied in lieu of ass
you just hadda outguess old DH & HM
a private concerto: poetic gauze

eh, you made it you sly edwardian mother
(you cool smooth groovie pinch-nez spinster)
livening up our limpest of book judges
with your gray laces and pomp and ardour

their censorless eyes belie their faces
but i won't tell that you sure belted 'em
broadside

POTIPHAR THE LADY AND JOSEPH THE DREAMER

potiphar the lady
had thought she had had
it all planned out
but joseph had planned
the turn of events:
a wise thinker: a good dreamer:
and shrewdly
turned the event upon her:
as vice-viceroy to the pharaoh
he was the turn of the screw

DON GRANT

PORTRAIT OF DYLAN THOMAS

Bow-untidy roustabout
Sunk-up man-deep
From the grave-sprung grass
In the circusyard
Of his church.
That black flame
Spoke light
When he fathered sleep,
Then midlife bore him
His midnight sun.



JOHN POIGNAND

ARMY SHORTS

Some people get married so that they don't have to get drafted. My problem was somewhat different. The Army isn't likely to kill you, in peace time anyway, and three squares a day and a first sergeant are sometimes better than a nagging broad and screaming kids. I had nothing to lose but my freedom and lets face it how free can you be on no cash? There was a dishwasher at the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club called Hoopey. That's short for Hoopey skoop; that's what you get called in jail when you're crippled or deformed or something. Hoopey had lost his leg when he was eleven under a New York City street car and so now he grunted around on a wooden leg. You'd hardly know it, to look at him. Anyway he'd look over his glasses at me across a pile of dishes, wipe his nose and say "You know, Johnnie, Man is born free, but he spends the rest of his life giving it away." Well I guess he was right. Here I was with about seventy-five other guys lining up to give ourselves to Uncle Sam.

There's always some part of a day or event that sticks in your head as the worst part or the best part and no matter where you go or what you do you always look back on it and feel glad that you don't have to do it again. The worst part of that day was when we had to all stand around in our shorts and urinate in a little bottle. I was embarassed anyway cause I was the only one with those college plaid type shorts and then on top

of that I didn't have to go. Well now you know how it feels when you're in a Doctor's office and you can't go.

You run the water in the sink or flush the toilet or just sort of hold your breath and press and you can't. Well all you have to do is double that about five times and you'll feel nearly as bad as I felt. After what seemed like about half an hour, during which time I felt as if the eyes of the entire world were on me, the room began to get vacant. "Alright let's go in there" yelled someone. I concentrated very hard and finally drained from my bladder enough to satisfy the test. It's not that I am shy or an introvert or any sort of deviate; its just that I've always thought that going to the bathroom was a rather private thing. Your parents train you to go into the bathroom and close the door after you. Even in Prep school they had stalls and in college I had an apartment where I could go privately. Probably every parent should teach their child to go to public toilets so they won't have this problem. Either that or write to their congressmen and get private test rooms.

I really should have started this about two days back from my enlistment so that you could get the correct perspective. Number one I'd just got my grades from college. My parents and I had one of those talks that parents have when they're tired of supporting you while you play bridge and date and drink and generally enjoy the variety of extracurricular activities available to any reasonably aggressive youth. I had done so well that the Dean had commended me on my attitude and suggested 3 years in the Army so that my mind could "Mature". Where anyone ever got the idea that the army matures people is completely beyond me. I think people grow up in three years in spite of the Army. At any rate we decided to follow Polonius' advice and I enlisted dutifully.

There were a number of problems as to my joining up the largest of which was which branch should I enter. Well you may not think that this is to serious. It was going to be three years of my life. My first interview was with the Navy. Dressed in my Ivyleague suit, gloves and overcoat, with shoes polished (at mother's orders) I entered where the sign said The Navy, see the world, and saw a rather seedy, fat, tired looking something or other in naval uniform whom I asked, aggressively, "what does the Navy have to offer me?" A sudden surprised look flashed across his face as if he realized that youth had long deserted its premise and collapsed into its former lethargy.

As we sat and chatted about the many merits of the service I noticed the dandruff on his shoulders and remembering my incurable dandruff and that I never wear blue because of it, got up excused myself in my best

manner and left. The man at the air force seemed terribly enthused and I couldn't help but feel that he really needed help. After discussing Operation Boot-Strap which was to get me back into school and my telling him that I really had no intention of returning to college for three years I got up, made a few slightly less polite remarks and left. It was now rapidly approaching five and I knew only too well that if I was to join anything I'd have to do it right away. I strolled across the street, snickered at the Join the Marines sign and barged into the Army recruiting office.

"Listen I'd like to Join the Army and I'd like to leave tomorrow. O.K.?" The two sergeants looked at each other in disbelief. Sixty seconds later they had all the forms signed and sealed. So here I was on a bus with thirty other guys on my way to Fort Dix. It was 10:30 at night, the 29th of January 1960. The ride started off like one of those school buses off to a game or a dance at a girls school. You know with the guys yelling out the windows and yelling to the driver about the square wheels. Pretty soon, as we pulled across the George Washington bridge and out onto the New Jersey turnpike, everyone seemed to sense the meaning of the oath we'd all taken. I don't mean defending your country and all that type of flag waving stuff but more that we were going into something new, something we'd all heard the worst about. We were leaving our old lives behind and even if most of us hadn't cared too much for our lives up till then everyone sort of kept quiet thinking about it.

Outside cars pulled themselves past on their way to drive in movies and Philadelphia and Florida. You could always tell the ones going to Florida by the way the people looked in their cars between piles of last minute packed things and thermos jars thrown in the back. The Bus motor whined behind us. It was very dark. The kid next to me looked like he was about to start crying. He sat there biting his lip and clinging onto his bag like someone was going to take it away. I poked him and pointed to Theaters and things and made a couple of bad attempts at conversation. Then we were there. Reception company. I can remember to this day the first words that greeted us. "All right you Mother Fuckers lets get your asses going, you're in the army now."

Reception Company is the place where one first is exposed to that super melting-pot of desperate factors, The Army. Here heads are plucked of their plumage, leather jackets discarded, button-down shirts sent back to mother, and even my plaid-boxer shorts laid aside. Every seemingly harmless outward trait of individuality is discarded like a rotten apple. You are sorted, graded, inoculated, and shoved into wooden boxes that someone called barracks.

The barracks at Ft. Dix were originally built during the crisis of the second world war. These temporary buildings having lasted for almost a quarter of a century should be commended for service above and beyond expectation. Weathering the blasts of 25 winters and countless thousands of hostile children. Withstanding the shock on nine-thousand one-hundred and twenty-five occasions of the Sergeants melifluous voice at four in the morning as he called his new flock to breakfast.

I had just convinced a very attractive blonde that it would be fun to sleep with me. Her breath was warm and moist on my neck and her body arched in acceptance. And then there was light and that voice. I opened an eye. Closed it in disbelief and groped for the blankets to cover my head and remembered. I staggered through my morning fog somehow and pulled myself into my clothes and, since there seemed to be a great hurry, ran out into the darkness and the cold and tried to look inconspicuous. It really isn't too hard for me to look inconspicuous. At four in the morning I am anything but bright eyed and bushy tailed. The last time that I could remember seeing four O'clock was when I had stayed up and awaited its arrival. It was fun then. You feel sort of mellow after a few drinks and it sort of becomes an adventure to see if you can make it until the sun comes up. But this way. God! It must take a special fortitude to be a farmer.

As it turned out there didn't seem to be any great rush after all. We were marched to a large building and ordered to stand at attention until further orders. After a while, our particular Hitler felt sorry for us and let us stand at ease. By the smell which drifted forth from this large building I concluded that this was the Mess hall. We stood, about 10,000 strong in groups of about a hundred wondering what the delay was. We continued to stand. Off to the east rosey fingered dawn took a timid look at the bleak day and rolled over in her covers. From a series of heretofore unnoticed microphones the sounds of a scratchy revelly blared out. We were called to attention and my feet which by this time were beginning to sense the cold road decided to resort to numbness. My nose ran and my ears tingled painfully as the last and thoroughly flat note echoed off the mess hall walls.

Upon entering the mess hall I discovered why we had waited so long. One look at the food and I felt ill. I had however been up since four and it was now seven. At that rate we'd have to get into the lunch line immediately upon leaving breakfast. My stomach did what stomachs do when they feel they are about to be subjected to ill treatment and I closed my eyes and allowed myself to be refueled.

Everything that is done to you in reception Company is aimed at making your basic training company seem like the garden of Eden. I'm

sure Dante would have preferred any amount of visits to his inferno in comparison to this.

Within the course of five days the Army had run out of ingenuity in finding new and exciting ways to upset you. You are at the point of going A.W.O.L. and they are at the point of helping you. Fortunately for all involved, the Pentagon in its infinite wisdom manages to have the orders arrive at precisely the moment of crisis. Rumors had reached a fevered pitch with maps being secretly past containing pinmarks for this group and that. You wanted to get such and such a post because they are softer and "boy my brother was stationed there and all those southern sergeants, Well they just don't like Northerners." We stood in line as if about to be judged on that final day by St. Peter himself and were handed our orders.

Orders are not written so that the average lay people can read it. They are written with Army spelling, Army abbreviations and numbers. The First Sergeant smiled at our eager attempts to translate, sadistically. Then, lest one of us have some information that we might convey to our buddies concerning the coding, we were all ordered back into formation. "All you's mens wid Special Order 36 number 1 are assigned to Ft. Benning Georgia." A great sighing and moaning arose which was immediately quelled. "Dose wid number 5, Ft. Riley Kansas". I looked down at the orders in my hand. Number 5. Ft. Riley, Kansas. The Sergeant looked threateningly at us awaiting another outburst. "Dose wid" but I didn't pay attention to the rest. Already I was dreaming of trip out. Dreaming of being off this post, of being in civilian world even if just for a few hours.

A few months ago the United States in order to show Europe that we could move troops around from continent to continent, flew an entire battalion from Texas to France. It took less than 24 hrs. Those of you who are conditioned to watching the T.V. probably saw the great super-jets roaring out across the Atlantic. Power, speed reliability, and luxury. One should realize that this is the treatment that trained men receive. Prior to your becoming a valuable piece of property, however, the army has a very different set up for moving you around. Our particular group were to be flown Via the plush-well run "Modern Airlines". With eager Hearts we loaded ourselves and duffelbags into the bus that was to transport us to the airfield. It was dark out and raining. The runway looked like a sheet of water. Across the runway sat our plane. A DC-3. As we marched closer I remembered being particularly impressed by the patch-work on the wings. We had plenty of time to gain our confidence before entering her. The pilots were nowhere to be found. "There probably weren't any that dumb", I thought silently.



No Exit by Don Crasco

photograph



Boston Pier by Don Crasco

photograph



Boston Street by Don Crasco

photograph



Seated Man by John Urban

drawing



Rooster by Nancy Thompson

drawing



Swamp in Autumn by Hinda Katz

watercolor



Sculpture by Mary Sandel

plastic



Landscape by Doug Gray

drawin

STEVE ORLEN

THE LORD OF BLOOD A LYRIC FOR DEATH

From the rays of the moon that whistle and whimper
and sing through the valleys, the Lord of Blood
comes as the spirits of dove-footed children,
comes crashing on pillows well-deep in death.
The skies everlasting are riddled with sadness,
the bittersweet bridesongs have dirges for veils,
old men in the forests clutch at their vitals
and block out the bloodlight with nightsplitting screams.
The fires go out with a hiss on the stones
as the hawks from their young and the bats from the arks
of the caves in the mountains splatter their hearts
in sunbursts of red in fear on the soil.
Even the sons and daughters of mirth
that splash in the fountains, rock out of rock,
cry out in their dancing, and carve from their faces
stone-tears of madness that drown in the waters.
But now as the roots of rockhardened forests
take water from depths a world-deep from home,
The Lord of Blood searches and softens,
plucks from the thistles painfult of blood,
and dresses the thorns with smears for the sorrows,
caused by a color pure out of light.

THE BIRTHING

On a sallow noon, becoming
the earthquake of her body beating,
she shook the floor, despair berating
her roof-torn sky, her eyes breeding

my blank stare. And all who came
at gnarled dusk, the blind, the lame,
the addled duck, the cockeyed dame
(her heart of black and tarnished shame),

the rag-bone ones who bled and fought
in darkling time, were bound and caught
as the bell that chimes with barren thought,
as the antlered catfish slimy caught.

With homeless Nyx of sullen cloak,
bereft of names, the froggish croaks,
the lily bulb, the homeless folk
who came to watch with the bear that soaks

his hirsute arm in honeyed tree—
they stood that night close up to me,
right on that sagging porch to see
released from Juno's stare, my she-

wolf with her swollen teats, from child
kicks and morning sickness, from filed
teeth, from fatling flocks of wild
geese, from owl's milk and boiled

snipe from the bog. Then, from nether
lip of dorsalled star, from tethered
root and hillock rock, from weathered
huckled cocks with whitish feathers,

from a sow's-blood moon, there shrieked
an awful sound, a labored creak,
a liquid screed that gaped and leaked
from spectral night. My she-wolf peeked

her drafty snout from hole in ground.
 She triggered blood. She thrashed around.
 She spit from dirt, from belly found,
 from heart and tooth and nail and hound,

from a snippet of a pouch, a mound
 of sparse grey fur, a fleshy pound
 of pinkish whelp. A wispy sound
 of birthing lay, by mother bound.

AFTER THE BEATING OF THE BROOM

After the beating of the broom,
 I stood mute and grey
 in the dawn darkening corners
 of my older brother's room
 listening to the drum of his brown
 striped balloon:

flash by, humming in madness, gliding
 it crashed against the white wall,
 repeating the red welts on my backside.

Brooding lest he have his game
 at my expense, I called for father.
 He swelled through the door in a red anger
 and burst the balloon with the ring on his finger.

After the beating of the broom,
 my brother and I sat mute and grey,
 sat naked and twinned in the darkened room,
 and felt, in our throats and our hearts, of dawn
 beating, and the flutter of other balloons.

ONCE KNEW A MAN

All that held her face
 from split apart at seams
 of bone-white desert ears,
 and all that held her face
 of crisping grey with lines
 from sagging like a canvas
 wet with fallen leaves,
 were balls of brittle bone
 and hair that hung from chin,
 were strands of silken spittle
 spanned from hollow gum
 to stained-with-tar brown lip
 that God knows once knew man,
 and God knows once that man
 he split that lip from passion.

SONNET: ANDANTE NON TROPPO

Now shy, we sat so shy in a singing bed.
 Between us, bloodless, so lay the shadows
 which swam but did not breathe, which darkly fed
 upon our love, which crept into the shadows
 of our love, which loudly sang the quiet
 of a darkened room.

Two lovers in thought.
 The moon's light:

so swift I moved in riot,
 a crowd of arms, a cue of light, I sought
 her mouth of breast, her lips became her thighs,
 and I was a boy, and I was a boy
 who brushed away the shadows, who hurried
 in the swell of night, thrusts, who lunged toward joy.

She hid a woman in her soul.

"Go slow,
 go slow, go fairly slow, not too much so."

MARILYN MOHL

FIRST SEASON

Come, season,
Burst and bloom on me.
I am as ready for seed as the earth
 has never been till now.
Swell out,
Grow over me.

I watch too closely
And the ripening is slow.
Limbs full of it
 rub gingerly against the sky,
Shielding the hot, taut point
 where growing gathers.
Even the wind is careful with them.
And their tension grows in me
Until all time's change
Strains in the tissue skin
That molds the patient progress into birth.

I watch him sleep.
His face, now bound to a sentry's body,
Hollow with dark,
A mask, attending to sleep alone,
And reflected up to me through an ebb of dark and vapor.
He is damp with his sleep,
But a weight of beaded hair
Cools his forehead.
He has become accustomed to the hour, and the silence.
He is at vigil,
And the darkness on his face has cloistered him.
If I touch him, would he turn,
Startled back to love,
Quickly through the maze of shadow;
Or merely shiver, and stand,
Still thin and silent,
Attending to sleep alone.

LOT'S DAUGHTER

Genesis, 19. 31-32.

" . . . Our father is old, and there is not
a man in the earth to come in unto us
after the manner of all earth:

"Come, let us make our father drink
wine, and we will lie with him, that we
may preserve seed of our father."

She laid her living hand upon
Her sleeping father's arm
And drew it to her waist.

Not all the leaves disarm
The empty sky while falling,
Though their hollowed veins and cracked palms
Rustle dully as they stroke the wind,
And sleep is lost, and earth's rind
Sucks the dried sap in.

The curtain by the open pane
Was still as frozen water webbing.
At her waist, within that arm,
She feels now that his sleep is ebbing
Deeper, closer, heavy.
And the darkness of the room lies dense around his eyes.
She feels his sleeping, measures out its time
Against the soft, fleshed pulse of her own side—sublime
The sin she rouses with her warmth to him.

At the pane the sluggard wind
Sits, open-lipped, and sighs,
And contemplates the thin flame
Touched, but barely, to the quiet fold of thighs.
She fans, slowly, fern-like fingers,
Gathering warmth to him.
And he, who only dreams, and warms in a remembered time,

Moans, only with the pain of warmth recalled to dreaming,
Gives only life already realized.
Not this moment stirs the darkness
Settled on his eyes.

Where in the wind that bends, so cool,
To stroke the dry-mossed hill,
The fine, set tracings of the withered herb-stem
Bend, pliant with remembered sap, then still.
Yet, the sigh of that caress, heard out of memory,
Rustles, dry and chill.
And the fine stem bends to departed winds,
Reaped of remembered life,
Cracked in the rush of remembered will.

Crusted now, and reaped the soil,
Matted with dry down.
Yet the withered shuck of harvest
Falls to yield, and all the brown
Cracked lips of earth strain open;
And the dry sap drifts,
Flotsam of a wind-vein,
To feed the sleeping hulk again.

Now his pulse is withered, stilling;
Barely strength to move the warmth of flesh.
In the arm she draws up to her waist
She feels the ebb of his sleep, chilling;
And the darkness of the room pours heavily
About his eyes,
Between the withered lips, the folded fingers, arms, and thighs.

At the pane the wind turns,
Glut with crumbled leaf.
The sift of dry sap dusts its path
And the dull wind and the earth's bare limbs moan,
Innocent of grief.

MAGISTER

Get up, old man. Come here.
Straighten your trousers,
And wipe your hands.
What are you doing in the dust?
Are you conjuring God up from the pebbles of that dry stream's bed?
Are you turning them up to find the source of rain?
Inane!
Fool, how long have you been here?
The sun has burnt its pathway up your back.
Your shoulders scorch with noon
While your knees are drowning in the after-shadows.
What games have you played, old man,
That you forgot to eat?
Your mouth runs with the spit of hunger.
Here, use this to wipe it.
And what are these scribblings in the dust?
Have you designed the earth here?
Reduced and rebuilt,
That it may usurp the state of Heaven?
Here, rub them out
That fools' feet may not mar the mysteries revealed,
And come along.
We are waiting.
We have readied empty pages,
Bound up in gold.
A book so filled with the captive light of jewels
That to view it
Seems to glimpse no earth's wisdom.
Come fill it.
We are waiting.
Come suage our ignorance.

UNTITLED

The old man tree who pries at my bedroom window
 Is stiff in every limb.
 The winter went hard with him.
 And nights he grated at the house side
 Begging admittance against the wind.
 But that, nor the clustering thorns that stud him,
 Like hairs grown from an ancient nostril,
 Could compromise his dignity.
 And daily he rose, stiffly, with the sun,
 To jab his limbs into the chill, grey air,
 And stood as straight as if it gave him hold.
 Now that the sap has thawed,
 And moves once more
 Up through his pinched veins,
 His nightly scratching at the window
 Comes with a tune of play
 Run jagged through the constant moan of stroking
 As he presses to the window through my wall.
 Yet daily he rises, stiffly, with the sun,
 And stands as straight as if it gave him hold.

ROGER LOMAS

TO THE PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL FITNESS

The American public is obviously soft,
 Listen to it squish!
 Therefore it is now decreed,
 That all male citizens,
 Of 18 years or older,
 Shall wear coonskin caps.

JODY NORTON

THE HOME TOWN BOY MAKES GOOD

Sitting in the bus
 when i got there—
 drunk fruit in a crew cut, “he’s a stupid
 ignorant swine” he was saying slow & careful
 i walked to the back &
 sat down, two blocks
 later a lady got up
 with a “cut it OUT” ruined
 her peroxide he jumped up,
 “YOU watch out” with a titter stepping
 on her foot
 hard
 “bitch”
 pushed her off in a mudpuddle,
 she was sweating with delight (fat pig eyes . . .
 the thrill of her life:
 imagine being man-handled
 by a brutal fat faggot
 from Dubuque.

JOHN CHILDS

EQUALITY

I spit on you
 and
 you spit on me
 in this there is
Equality

THE FLIGHT OF EROS

Eros—when tracked on DEW line radar
 exhibited
 a highly suggestive tracking pattern,
 the Pentagon ordered it destroyed
 before it reached Washington.

NORMAN TRUMP

THE FIELD TRIP

It was one of the first days of spring. There was a delicate, crystalline quality about everything: a cloudless sky of Wedgewood blue and the air like lemon cotton candy. The sun filtered through the still-bare branches of the trees, drying out the cover of dead leaves left from the last fall. Here and there the red partridge berries added a touch of contrast to the greens and browns. A bird high in one of the maples sang brightly.

There was only one place in the patch of woods that was different. This was a circular spot covered with dark green moss. It was surrounded by the maples that abounded in the area and unless one came right up to it, there was no indication that it was there. It was only about fifteen feet in diameter and not the least bit unusual. Almost in the center of it however, was an old tree stump. There wasn't any longer a trace of the tree it had once supported, but it could be seen from the size of the stump that it must have been very large.

The stump was on a little hillock and the moss rose up to it from every side, even covering parts of it in places. If there had been anyone to look at the stump, he could have seen that it was a dark, wet brown. The top was jagged with little spires of wood left over from the time when the tree snapped off its base. Now they were ready to break off at the slightest touch. Fissures ran vertically all over the side of the stump. Inside them was dark sawdust-like powder that was one more indication of its age. After a few more seasons, the stump would be completely overgrown with moss, and all that would remain would be a green mound in the center of the clearing.

For the last few seasons however, the rotted stump had harbored life within it. Tiny holes on its ragged surface ran down to a small ant colony

that made its home there. They had slowly burrowed out little chambers in the soft wood where they could have a home in summer and a haven in winter.

Now that it was April, life was slowly returning to them. They were still sluggish though, and no ants had gone out to the surface of the stump. Instead they wandered listlessly about in the little caverns as if awaiting some command to bring them to full life. They had all the time in the world and the passing days on the outside held no real interest for them. If they had the capability to feel satisfied with life, then one could perhaps say that they were happy.

One of the ants seemed livelier than the others. It crawled through the tunnels with a sense of haste that the rest would exhibit later in the summer. Now it moved up one of the passageways that led to the outside, stopping at times for no apparent reason. Then it was outside. Its antennae waved back and forth expectantly. It sensed the warmth of the sun and this seemed to invigorate it. The ant clambered over chips of wood inspecting things it had no curiosity in, but just because they were there. It moved to the tallest wooden spire. When it reached the top, it swayed its body from side to side as though caught in an invisible breeze. The wood chips and notched spires spread out beneath it. Out here on the surface world of the stump there was no other and the ant, although it didn't think in such terms, was the lord of it all. The ant scurried down the spire and moved on until it was on the moss around the stump. Here it moved about in a search that only it knew or cared about. In the nest, the other ants still crawled over each other in the darkness.

"Hell! A nice day like this and we have to go bug hunting," said Frank.

"Uh-huh." was the only reply he got out of Wilbur.

Ever since the field trip had started, Frank had been complaining. At first Wilbur had made the mistake of answering these bursts. That only angered Frank more. Now Wilbur limited himself to some neutral, noncommittal sound. This was enough to satisfy Frank, who didn't really expect an answer anyway.

After they had gotten off the bus, the instructor had told everyone to pair up and go in different directions. Now they were tramping through the woods looking for, as their teacher had put it, "any flora, fauna or crawling things that bite". Both boys had a field kit containing a spiked hammer, a knife, a specimen jar and other paraphernalia. They didn't know what they were looking for and they didn't exactly care. Their

fondest hope would have been to have a chipmunk jump into one of their specimen jars and commit suicide.

"We should have taken Karen along with us to make things livelier," said Frank.

"Which one's Karen?" asked Wilbur.

"You know, the short blond with the big boobs."

"Oh, her. I don't know about you, Frank. If you're not squawking about collecting bugs you're talking about laying girls."

"What d'you mean, 'lay'? I just said it would be nicer if she came with us, that's all. And for Christ's sake, watch those branches. You're going to poke one of my eyes out snapping them back like that."

"Hey!" said Wilbur. "I think there's a clearing ahead. It looks like there's some moss there. We might as well get some of it so it looks like we at least did a little bit of work."

"Let's rest for a minute, too," said Frank. "I think I have some leaves in my shoe or something."

As they stepped into the clearing, a lone bird flew out of one of the maples. The moss was soft and springy under their feet. They walked over to the stump and sat down next to it. While Wilbur picked around at the moss with his knife, Frank took off his shoe and felt around in it with his hand. After he had cleaned the leaves out of it, he put it down and lay back on the moss.

"This is the kind of class I love," said Frank.

"You ass," said Wilbur. "A few minutes ago you said you couldn't stand it."

"But this way it's fine — Just lying out in the sun with the trees all around and nothing to do but sleep."

"How about Karen?"

"Suck it!"

"You know," said Wilbur, "this moss isn't going to be enough when we go back. We better have some insects or a frog or something."

"Well look around," said Frank. "Why don't we break up this stump? There must be some beetles or ants in it. Once we find something, we can just wait here until it's time to go back to the bus."

"Let's get to it," said Wilbur. "You think I'm going to do it alone?"

They got out their spike hammers and started to hack away at the stump. It came apart in big chunks under the blows of the sharp points. Soon there were chips and long slivers of wood lying around them.

"Here's something," said Wilbur. "I think it's an ant nest."

"You're right. They're not moving around too fast. Get your specimen

jar and we can put them in it."

Wilbur got the jar and they started to poke around more carefully using their knives.

"Here's some eggs," said Frank. "We better take them, too. It'll fill up the jar more."

"Dig deeper over here," said Wilbur. "I think the nest goes down this way."

"Watch it with the knife, Will. You're squishing a lot of them up."

"The hell with it. There's enough of them here."

The boys dug and scraped deeper, lifting the ants and eggs into the jar with the points of their knives. The ants still didn't move fast, in spite of the danger. They bumped over each other as though dazed by the light suddenly thrown upon them.

"There. I think we got them all," said Frank. "Throw some wood chips in the jar to keep them happy."

"Do you think the teacher will want to keep them after we show them to him?" asked Wilbur.

"I don't give a damn what he does with them," said Frank. "If he doesn't want them, we can just throw them away."

In the distance they heard the horn of the bus sound three times.

"Damn it!" said Frank, "we can't even rest here for a minute. I can't stand this goddamn course. Everytime things go good they haul you off someplace else. I should have taken astronomy."

"Oh, quit bitching. We better get back before they leave without us."

While Wilbur put his knife and the specimen jar back in his kit, Frank slipped on his shoe. He hadn't noticed until then that he had left it off.

"Let's kick some of this stuff back on the stump so it doesn't look too messy for the next class that comes rooting around," said Frank.

"Forget it, Frank. Let's go."

"Wait a minute!" said Frank. "I thought I saw another ant crawling in the moss."

"Will you forget it?" said Wilbur. "We've got more than enough now."

"All right, all right! I'm coming."

The boys slung their field kits over their shoulders and headed back the way they had come. For a few minutes there were the sounds of leaves rustling and branches crackling. Frank swore at Wilbur again, telling him to stop snapping the damn branches in his face. From far off came the grind of a motor starting and then that also faded. The depressions that the boys' shoes had made in the moss were already merely faint outlines.

DAVE HARACZ

SPRING ODYSSEY

the voices say go
 and i go
 across the grey land
 (pock-marked with signs)
 just budding to green
 away from the city of my life
 (those winter memories)
 back to the hills that spawned me.
 the road is a stream, macadam river
 as i struggle up the white-line rapids
 shad i in the half-light evening
 with the warm, dung-strong spring wind up,
 life out of winter bondage.
 they are wrong about spring, not a re-birth,
 the life has been there
 through the winter
 in an insulating window-glass bottle.
 the warm spring air pours it out bubbling.
 SHE tells me this spring smell is just
 dead earthworms
 come up to keep from drowning, and stepped on.
 they come from memories of the old spring flood
 when that old fool (dead so long now) saved even
 the fleas. (so hard to break the habit)
 (my inch-worm friend follows, asks what
 beginning, in all, is not an end of sorts)
 the moon is a bloody sickle at the quarter;
 up ahead, end of the life-wet beckoning road—
 where once there was something the ruins
 stand poor blackened shelter for heart's desire.
 full cycle run,
 i cannot pass;
 i am returned.

ST. FRANCIS OF THE SANDS

The sensitive young man
 Lies in crucifixal perpendicularity
 Of outstretched arms and too-thin trunk
 On the cold white sand.
 In reverence, the gliding gulls
 Have passed the dawning in silence,
 Adore him from high above.
 Higher still,
 The last white star
 Surrenders to the sun,
 Winks, and dies in daylight.

THE WAITING GAME

Protoplasm
 Waiting for order,
 Churning green in some primordial soup of waters.
 Infant man, his brachiating cousin,
 Waiting by their tree for the light of reason—
 Meanwhile learn to kill.
 Our billions, cowering in the ICBM shadows,
 Waiting for the end,
 Return to chemical essence,
 Another biogenesis—
 The waiting game.

AFTER

Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark,
 The beggars are coming to town;
 Fleeing the mushroom cloud,
 Spawn that they, we all, have sown.
 Nothing here, move on;
 Take what there is, move on.
 Some in rags, some in tags,
 And now one in velvet gown.

DICK LITTLEFIELD

THE COMING

Day
 Has long since
 Crept from the skies.
 And the orange fires
 Of evening,
 Have cooled
 To purple,
 And grey.
 And treads the land
 Of irresistible
 Night.

For night
 Is a black god,
 Who wears
 Hunting boots;
 And threads the land
 With silent steps.
 As he
 Checks
 His traps.

Mortality,
 Dreaming of eternity,
 Trips
 Over his shadow;
 And falling,
 Finds the end of life
 To be death.

BRIEF VISITOR

Day,
 Passing into night,
 Bears a momentary child
 Called evening.
 Frail, and delicate;
 Soft, and warm;
 Loved
 By the land;
 Courted
 By the wind;
 Watched over
 By the clouds;
 Wed
 To the horizon.
 The stars her mourners;
 The moon,
 Her epitaph.

ESSAY

THE WASTELAND AND FOUR QUARTETS: A SEARCH FOR PARALLEL THOUGHT

To discover meaning in T. S. Eliot seems to many a difficult, if not impossible, task. *The Waste Land*, probably most often read, is attacked as lacking unity, structure, and above all, sense. If this were true of *The Waste Land*, then we would be justified in expecting it of other poems written later. In view of this, then, a close analysis of *The Waste Land* should be useful.

In the first section, "The Burial of the Dead," we are introduced to Eliot's limbo and the kind of people who inhabit it: "I" of the opening lines, afraid of the sled going down the mountain, and now, as an adult, going south in the winter; the "hyacinth girl," who was "neither living nor dead;" "Madame Sosostris, whose visions include "crowds of people, walking round in a ring," yet who is forbidden the knowledge of one card; and all of this culminating in the description of the Unreal City and the meeting with Stetson whom the speaker (now a different "I") knew at Mylae sometime around 200 B.C. The combination of these characters within one section shows clearly that we are in a place that belongs neither to the living nor the dead. The atmosphere is eerie, indefinite.

In "A Game of Chess," the unreality of the scene increases. There is, to begin with, the long description of the room. Though we are told that there is a "she" sitting on a chair, there are one hundred and seven lines before she begins to interact with anyone. In the meantime the uncertainty of the situation is increased. Why are her perfumes described as strange and synthetic? Why unstoppable? Oppression seems to hang over the room. And when "she" does speak, there is an electric tension that adds to the growing suspense, and it is in no way counteracted by the empty replies of her companion, identified only as shuffling footsteps. From here comes the transition to more conversation about the meaningless, excepting the one point of the pills to cause abortion. This artificial destruction of life by man increases the sense of lifelessness begun in the first section.

Then there is "The Fire Sermon" which, at first, has very little to do with fire. There is, in the surrounding scene, the complete absence of anything one would expect to see, even cigarette ends floating in the river. It is an unnatural emptiness resulting from the unnatural kind of love that has gone before it. And the following tales of Mr. Eugenides' invitation, the typist and her lover, and finally the affair on the river, illustrate this unwholesome, unliving kind of love.

One wonders at the inclusion of "Death by Water." What is its purpose? We are told to "Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you." Does this mean that Phlebas is dead and that we soon will be also, or does mankind have a second chance? There seems to be no specific statement.

I think the most important section of the poem is "What the Thunder Said." In the first place, it begins on a note of hope in that it discusses Christ who suffers in the garden, the stony places, the prison and palace. In

"He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience"

Eliot says much about all that has gone before. Excepting Phlebas, no-one heretofore has been capable of death. And it has been achieved through *patience*, a word whose Latin root is *patio* — I suffer. A small amount of relief, and perhaps only a hint at that, but in the middle of the emptiness, something. Even the return to the dry empty wasteland is no longer quite as despairing. There is a vision of water, and a reference to the savior again in the form of the journey to Emmaus. To be sure, there is more emptiness to be endured. There is the woman in childbirth who "fiddled whisper music on those strings," her own hair. There is the "decayed hole among the mountains." But finally there is the voice of the thunder. And what could be more impressive than words of salvation booming forth to the people of the wasteland in thunder? Give, sympathize, control. And then there is the final achievement of peace, with "I" sitting on the shore fishing, the wasteland behind rather than ahead. "I" has conquered the wasteland.

The entire poem is ambiguous. The problem centers around the progress of "I," who is a continually changing character. Yet it seems to me that at the same time "I" must be consistent throughout, or the resolution at the end will apply to only one "I" and not to the others. Therefore, it seems valid to assume that "I" is mankind in general and that when a new "I" is introduced, Eliot merely wishes to describe a different level which, after all, turns out to be not essentially different. Mankind, then, to return to the central problem, is, at the beginning, caught in this limbo or wasteland between death and life. He is trapped in the monotony of the people of Madame Sosostriis, going round in a ring. He is trapped by

"The hot water at ten.
And if it rains, a closed car at four.-
And we shall play a game of chess."

Life in all aspects is meaningless to him, and although he participates in

it, he does not really live it. He is like the secretary:

"She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover;
Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:
"Well now that's done; and I'm glad it's over."

Critics have spoken of the influence of Dante on *Four Quartets*, for the protagonist of *Four Quartets* is said to be making a journey. This mankind must also make a journey similar to the one made by Dante, though not really like it, for the evidence that progress is being made is not as clear in this case as in Dante's. There is some suggestion of purgation, however, at the end of "The Fire Sermon."

"Burning burning burning burning
O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest
burning"

In this light, "Death by Water" begins to have a stronger meaning. For Phlebas, too, is dead. He has somehow escaped the monotony, the meaningless existence. He, or the mankind he is part of, does not seem yet to have entered a paradise, but at least he is no longer in that limbo that is lamost hell in its hopelessness. I think that "Death by Water," in combination with the last of "The Fire Sermon" forms a kind of Purgatorio, if one is to continue the comparison with *The Divine Comedy*.

Surely, then, "What the Thunder Said" is the parallel of the *Paradiso*. For here is the high point, the purification, The saving figure of Christ appears. The words of salvation are learned, and "I," on the shore, achieves "Shantih," which Eliot says can best be translated "The peace which passeth understanding."

What has all of this to do with *Four Quartets*? Chronologically, *The Waste Land* comes first. I think that when he wrote later poems, Eliot must frequently have had *The Waste Land* in mind, and this awareness of his own work is evident in *Four Quartets*.

Consider, for example, the concern in *Four Quartets* with time. At first glance this might seem to have none of *The Waste Land* in it. But what is time? To Eliot, it seems to be what life is — movement, or stopping, a series of stages through which man must travel, a complete circle. and *life* is the subject of *The Waste Land*. *Four Quartets*, then, though of course not identical to *The Waste Land*, becomes of necessity related to it. If the one poem and the other squence of poems are read in conjunction, it seems logical to assume that each will become more meaningful.

With this in mind it is useful to look at images and ideas that recur

in both *The Waste Land* and *Four Quartets*.

The opening lines of "Burnt Norton" are

"Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future."

It is not long before we become aware that what Williamson points out as applicable to "Little Gidding" is true of all four — that is that "time past" can be associated with memory, and "time future" with desire. Here, then, is precisely the idea establishes at the opening of *The Waste Land*.

"April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, . . ."

And now it seems probable that the involvement with time in *The Waste Land* is greater than has been evident at first. Moreover, the parallel does not stop here. In "Burnt Horton." as in "The Burial of the Dead" and "A Game of Chess" the tone of unreality and uncertainty is established. There are the footfalls down the passage where "we" never walked, there are sounds unheard and sights unseen. There is the pool of water that is water only until a cloud passes over and shows that the water is not real at all, but sunlight. Throughout *The Waste Land* there are references to water, which becomes a symbol of hope and fertility, and the absence of it, which is emptiness and sterility. The pool is the first use of water as a symbol in *Four Quartets*. It seems significant that in actuality the water of the pool is not real. A little farther on in "Burnt Norton," we find a second reference to water.

"But only in time can the moment in the rose-garden,
The moment in the arbour where the rain beat,
The moment in the draughty church at smokefall
Be remembered: . . ."

Another similarity to a memory of "I" in "The Burial of the Dead:"

"Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; . . ."

And then, undoubtedly most significant of all, Eliot's description of people:

"Only a flicker
Over the strained time-ridden faces
Distracted from distraction by distraction
Filled with fancies and empty of meaning
Tumid apathy with no concentration
Men and bits of paper, whirled by the cold wind
That blows before and after time,

Wind in and out of unwholesome lungs
Time before and time after."

Are these not the people of *The Waste Land* — those of Madame Sosostris, or those who "flow over London Bridge," or those who "swarm over endless plains?" Surely they are not living and vital, even though literally they are not dead. The solution at the moment seems to be escape from time and from the life that is not alive. To achieve it one must

" Descend lower, descend only
Into the world of perpetual solitude,
World not world, but that which is not world."

There is no mention made of water, yet somehow implicit in the idea of descent, if one has read *The Waste Land*, is the image of Phlebas who enters the whirlpool, who sees his age and youth, and who, having completed his circle of time in life, has become surrounded by this fertility symbol and found the end that is the beginning. In the final section of "Burnt Norton" the idea of limbo implied in the description of the people seems to be confirmed.

"Words move, music moves
Only in time; but that which is only living
Can only die. . . "

"That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?"

The corpse apparently is nourishing something, not returning itself, but sprouting a new generation. In "East Coker," meanwhile, a country wedding takes place, with all the festivities of traditional country weddings. There is dancing and of the dancers Eliot says,

"Rustically solemn or in rustic laughter
Lifting heavy feet in clumsy shoes.
Earth feet, loam feet, lifted in country mirth
Mirth of those long since under earth
Nourishing the corn. . . ."

This is more than the memory and desire of time past and time future, though memory and desire are there; but concealed beneath the surface is the idea of rebirth, not just the birth of children of the newly married pair, but the regeneration of those of the past somehow combining with those of the future.

"What is the late November doing?" is the question in Section II. By late November a year is approaching its end. The last words of Section I were "In my beginning," and already the end is in evidence. He speaks of the wisdom of the aged and of how, to the younger, it seems limited. The

younger, indeed, seem to make an effort to avoid it. Everyone must learn humility.

"The only wisdom we can hope to acquire
Is the wisdom of humility: humility is endless.
The houses are all gone under the sea.
The dancers are all gone under the hill."

Suddenly, at the beginning of Section III, "They all go into the dark." The line recalls the descent in "Burnt Norton," and, through it, Phlebas again. There is hidden hope as well in "I said to my soul, be still, and let the dark come upon you." Here is Phlebas, too, in the passiveness of letting the dark come as it will.

"Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss."

Both are prepared for change to come over them as it will.

The ambiguities of "East Coker's" Section IV are typical: health found only in disease, the necessity of growing worse before growing better, the "frigid purgatorial fires." We are reminded again of the *Purgatorio*. And the final sub-section of Section IV, the introduction of the Christ image, not in the same scene as that chosen for *The Waste Land*, but serving, without doubt, the same purpose — the salvation of man.

"The dripping blood our only drink,
The bloody flesh our only food:
In spite of which we like to think
That we are sound, substantial flesh and blood—
Again, in spite of that, we call this Friday good."

The predominating attitude, even at the beginning of Section V, then, has changed. There is still the feeling of failure, but the resentment of it has disappeared.

"But perhaps neither gain nor loss.
For us, there is only the trying. The rest is
not our business."

From here to the end of "East Coker," as in *The Waste Land* after the scene of the Christ image, the need for living in the true sense is felt. The introduction of waves, water, petrel, porpoise is interesting in connection with the idea of water as a symbol of hope and fertility in *The Waste Land*. Finally, in the last line, the circle of time begun in the opening line of "East Coker" is completed. "In my end is my beginning." In the completion of the circle is also the completion of the change of attitude, for

here is optimism.

The river in "The Dry Salvages" is not the water symbol of the other poems. Williamson equates the river with time and the rhythm of life, the sea with eternity. The sea thus becomes time past and time future, and "The Dry Salvages" becomes more logically related to the rest of *Four Quartets*. Pessimistic again, the speaker seeks an end to the soundless wailing, the drifting wreckage. This river is like the Thames of the *The Waste Land* — a dirty river that "sweats/Oil and tar." It was on that river that the maidens sang of their loss of chastity. In "The Dry Salvages" the speaker says, "There is no end, but addition," and further on

"Years of living among the breakage
Of what was believed in as the most reliable—
And therefore the fittest for renunciation."

There is an echo of "The Burial of the Dead:"

"Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,"

And as "the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief, "the speaker of "The Dry Salvages" concludes that there is no end to the suffering. Nevertheless he does not appear to have given up completely, for throughout Section III, he encourages the travelers on the river to fare forward.

Perhaps there is significance in the fact that it is Section IV of "The Dry Salvages," as it was Section IV of "East Coker," that introduces a salvation figure. This time it is not Christ, but the "Queen of Heaven," though she is "Figlia del tuo figlio" — daughter of your son — and thus Christ is brought into the idea as well. Prayers are asked for the people who travel on the river and the sea. It is a logical transition into Section V, for Section V, like "What the Thunder Said," describes the way that man must live in order to achieve salvation — "prayer, observance, discipline, thought, and action." These would, ideally, free one from the trap of time past and time future.

"For most of us, this is the aim
Never here to be realised;
Who are only undefeated
Because we have gone on trying;"

Hope seems to have entered again, as it did at the end of "East Coker." If complete escape, or perfection, is not achieved, at least man has tried, and hence is not completely trapped.

Williamson finds in Part I of "Little Gidding" something which cannot be reached by the living. "For 'You are here to kneel,' and prayer

is beyond them.”¹ Yet I think it is not entirely beyond them, for the speaker is evidently one of them and he is aware of the existence of this communication: “the communication/Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living.” Beyond the language of the living, but the speaker does not say totally beyond their comprehension. Is there not an echo here of the previous “I said to my soul, be still” of “East Coker?” Once more one can see the parallel to Dante — the necessity for the individual to be willing to be saved, the recognition that he can do nothing to save himself, is what ultimately leads to salvation. Section II, says Williamson, tells us what can be learned from the dead.

“In the general dissolution, by the passions into the elements, that the death of air is ‘the death of hope and despair’; that the death of earth ‘laughs without mirth’; that the death of water and fire rots what we forget.”²

He goes on to say that in the next subdivision the war becomes obvious, particularly “when the dove unites the ‘pentecostal fire’ and the dive bomber.” Matthiessen mentions the war too. Granted, the scene is set for this interpretation on a narrative level. But if the reader restricts his thinking to interpretation on this level, it is insufficient, for such a meaning, if considered to be the only one possible, would detract from the universality of the poem. Moreover, such an interpretation detracts from the meeting with “one walking.” “One walking” suddenly loses his mystery, becomes just another person in the street, who, though his presence might be anything but reassuring under circumstances of war, would nevertheless be identifiable as a human being. I prefer to think, therefore, that “the uncertain hour before the morning” is another moment between — not, in this case between time past and time future, or between life and death, but perhaps between purgation and salvation; a time when, possibly for the first time, the speaker is aware of what is happening to him. Now there is a deeper meaning in the meeting with the one whose eyes are “Both intimate and unidentifiable.” How can this be true?

“So I assumed a double part, and cried
And heard another’s voice cry: ‘What! are *you*
here?’

Although we were not. I was still the same,
Knowing myself yet being someone other—”

Perhaps the other becomes the speaker’s other self, and this is the speaker’s “double part.” And in his cry, “What! are *you* here?” is another reflection

of "The Burial of the Dead." The amazement, even the words used, are almost identical.

"With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying:
'Stetson!

'You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!'"

And, in again considering the reappearance of this man from 200 B.C., is there not a suggestion that the "one walking" is, as well as himself, the speaker, and a thousand others who have gone before? Thus in Section II one not only learns from the dead, but one becomes the dead. The idea of regeneration is seed again, and is there not, in such an idea, hope for the future — particularly if the generation of the present becomes enlightened? The uncertain quality of the other, the idea of the moment between, are supported at the end of Section II. For at daybreak, possibly equatable with dawning salvation, the stranger disappears. In section III the dead are referred to again. Williamson says,

"The use of memory or history is for liberation,
for expanding love beyond desire, 'and
so liberation From the future as well as the
past' "3

Perhaps this is an extension of the ability of the speaker to comprehend the message of the dead as he was able to do in Section I. In Section IV

"The only hope, or else despair
Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre—
To be redeemed from fire by fire."

Here is "The Fire Sermon" of *The Waste Land* and the final echo of the *Purgatorio* of Dante. Only in removal, even if painful, of the unwholesome life does man really come alive.

In Section V the final and complete realization occurs. The speaker knows what man will find at the end of all his seeking.

"A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than everything)"

In this complete simplicity lies the secret, the reason why
"What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning."

Apparently for Eliot this is the ultimate. The circle of beginning and end has been drawn; time past and time future now do not confine man, for the experience of time past can be profitable, and in time future there is hope. In the knowledge lies the peace that the speaker has sought throughout *Four Quartets*, and the feeling of peace is similar to the

"Shantih" of *The Waste Land*.

So in the ideas and the method of expressing them, the reader can find *Four Quartets*, though of course it stands as a work of art in its own right, to be a kind of expansion of *The Waste Land*. Matthiessen, in comparing the two, says,

"In his earlier desire for intense concentration the poet so eliminated connectives that *The Waste Land* might be called an anthology of the high points of a drama. It was as though its author had determined to make his poem of nothing but Arnold's 'touchstones,' or had subscribed to Poe's dictum that no longer poem could exist than one to be read at a sitting. In the intervening years Eliot has given further thought to the problem, and he has recently concluded that 'in a poem of any length there must be transitions between passages of greater and lesser intensity, to give rhythm of fluctuating emotion essential to the musical structure of the whole.'"⁴

Four Quartets is a change in style, but, as the similarity of images and ideas clearly shows, the general theme is the same. In reading the four at one sitting, the reader finds the same effect. For even the structure is basically similar — complete hopelessness at the beginning, a long slow change, and a final burst of optimism at the end.

Though I prefer the sharper impact of *The Waste Land's* high points, there is certainly value in reading *Four Quartets*; for though it is chronologically impossible for the latter to have influenced the former, in reading the more recent work, one finds, probably because of Eliot's new attitude towards poetry, that the meaning of the previous one is deeper and clearer.

FOOTNOTES

1. Williamson, George, *A Reader's Guide to T. S. Eliot*, The Noonday Press, New York, 1961, p. 228.
2. *Ibid.*, pp. 228-229.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 230.
4. edition, Volume 1, Harper Torchbooks, New York, pp. 282-295.
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